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NOTICE.

WE have a gratifying announcement to make to our friends. THE CRITIC has been adopted by the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, as the organ for making known to the public the peculiar objects, plans and uses, as well as the proceedings of their Institution,—in many respects new and important. For this purpose a copy of THE CRITIC will henceforth be regularly sent, free of charge, to every Public Reading-room in the United Kingdom.

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THE CRITIC.

PERSISTENCY AND CONSISTENCY.

To march on valiantly with utmost unity of purpose and utmost fidelity to our convictions, inspired by earnest faith and striving strenuously to make our faith a conquering power in society, is to be persistent; to try to harmonize—not our faculties, but the manifestations of our faculties,—our words and our actions, so that our utterances and doings of to-day and those of thirty years ago may have perfect agreement, is to be consistent. While persistency is a great force and a great virtue, we consider consistency to be in general a weakness and a defect. It is the custom to praise consistency; indeed, it is often thought that we cannot give any higher testimony to the merit of an individual than by calling him consistent. We hear it continually said of certain persons that they have little talent, but that they have always been remarkable for consistency. We know also nothing which has more potently contributed to render statesmanship among us the merest and most sluggish routine than the notion that first among the cardinal excellences consistency is to be placed. It is always mediocrity or commonplace that finds it easiest to be consistent, because neither is ever tempted to diverge from the beaten path. In proportion to the fecund superiority of a particular mind must be the number of channels through which it pours itself,—channels which, though all running in different directions, yet proceed from a common centre. Besides, in any richly endowed nature, qualities often lie nearest to their opposites. What we call the contradictions of great men are but the explosions of elements in their being which lie contiguous, however hostile to each other in manifestation. In all of us the hottest moment of passion often follows the grandest effort of reason, because, however unlike passion and reason may be, yet it was from borrowing unconsciously the force of passion that reason was able to accomplish so much; and when, reason's work done, reason retires, and passion alone seems to assert unfettered empire, it is less any increase of passion that we behold than a new direction given to passion. What apparently have less in common than spiritualism and sensuality? Yet spiritualism, when it soars to that elevated point where it may be called devotional genius, is frequently nothing more than the refinement and the result of sensuality. Hence the saying—the greater the sinner the greater the saint,—has something more to recommend it than its satirical pith. It means that the convert carries the energy of passion, the daring directness of sensuality into that exalted region of holiness which, after weary wanderings and wild and criminal excitements, he has chosen as the home of his yearning heart. The noblest religious breathings, indeed the only religious breathings which, except those in sacred books, are fitted to kindle and keep religious life in our modern society, are those found in the writings of the mystics. But what is mysticism but a painting of Heaven, with the choicest colours of the imagination, on the fleshly veil which has already been rent by the fires of passion? The primordial epochal men, in the chief religious changes to which our race owes so much of its divine growth, but also so much of its woe, have nearly all, ere arrived at their mission, been scourged by the whips of passion and of sense till it seemed as if no fibre of force remained to devote to a higher purpose. They might not every one have plunged into the mire of pollution; but, polluted or not, they had seldom escaped conflict with the demons which, by whatever name called—voluptuousness, desire, doubt, ambition,—are sent to torment and to try the gifted of God, those whom God hath elected to sweep with a hand of might over the destinies of the world. What was PAUL before being the Apostle of the Gentiles? What was AUGUSTINE before being the most illustrious father of the Latin Church? What was LUTHER before striking that blow from which Romanism is fated never to recover? What was LOYOLA before creating that corporation whose marvellous subtlety, inexhaustible resources, most courageous and various vigour and incomparable organization, have enabled the Papacy to fight a long battle with triumphant Protestantism, which otherwise would have been impossible. Now these men were what they were at the height of their missionary career, because they had been something very different at an earlier period of their life. Yet

what other name can we apply to this difference but inconsistency—an inconsistency of the most flagrant kind, an inconsistency the more observable the more their persistency went forth as a conquering power among men? It is very far from our wish to recommend or to defend eccentricities, the extravagances and headlong plunges of erratic and capricious minds. Inconsistency in itself is a thing to be blamed, not a thing to be praised, when it has nothing to say for itself but that it is inconsistency. There are even cases when consistency may be considered a merit, but then chiefly and then almost only when a man is more distinguished for strength than for range of faculty, and when he is incapable alike of the splendid successes and the splendid errors of genius. WASHINGTON had no genius; WELLINGTON has none. WASHINGTON, with plain good sense, inflexible will, and most excellent intentions, seeking to achieve his country's freedom and to conserve that freedom in accordance with the circumstances out of which his country had grown, and the principles which it recognized and revered, receiving, therefore, more than half the law of his public existence from the opinion of that community which he bravely saved as a general, and then wisely governed as a statesman, could choose no better path and obtain no worthier commendation, than that of consistency. WELLINGTON, limited in intellect, narrow in idea like WASHINGTON, but more even than he an iron man with an iron will; loyal, brave, honest; doing memorable things, but even in the most memorable incapable of any thing higher than rubbing routine redhot by rapidity of movement, and sternness of resolution: making that the highest virtue in himself which he views as the highest duty in others,—obedience; seeing nothing more in politics than the skill that concedes that it may conserve; a party man, not from love of party, but from conceiving aristocratic traditions to be the best bulwark of monarchical institutions; in the presence of the surging Democracy, with its froth of Charlatanism, its roar of curses, and its awful reality in the depths, unmoved as in the field of battle,—such a man regards the Universe as an immense military establishment, and we honour him for that of which he is probably proudest, his consistency. But the moment we leave the region of respectable talents and honest intentions, and hold converse with the deeds of a more gifted class of men, we are prepared to find much inconsistency along with a persistency invincible as fate. ALEXANDER the GREAT was most notably inconsistent; but how otherwise than by his persistency could he have accomplished so much? We compare his grandest doings with his vilest, and carried away by our natural impulses of indignation, and perhaps influenced by the precepts of a commonplace morality, we feel inclined to load his name with the heaviest anathemas. But this is not the way to judge such a man. God had put into his hand a treasure of gigantic forces. And these he marched on like a giant to expend like a giant. Take away any one of those foulest atrocities in his character and conduct which so much excite our disgust, and you leave him with a power the less; take them all away, and you have no longer ALEXANDER; you have instead, a purer, a more consistent, a far more benevolent man; but you must take as a consequence all ALEXANDER's labours unperformed. Yet without those labours the course of the world for the last two thousand years would have been altogether different. It was through ALEXANDER's conquests that the culture, the civilization, the philosophy of Greece spread to so many kingdoms of antiquity; and this diffused Greece became the pioneer of Christianity. To whom did the apostles preach? To whom were their epistles addressed? Was it not mainly to those who had been baptized into the spirit of the old Hellenic life? Let us accept, then, ALEXANDER with all his faults, let us still deem him worthy the name of GREAT as well for what he did as for being the herald of the most beautiful of spiritual revolutions. JULIUS CÆSAR was perhaps a greater man than ALEXANDER, though the record of his actions has less of pictorial interest. None ever wore such a plenitude of endowments with so much natural grace; none ever combined in a more sublime degree grandeur and geniality. Yet CÆSAR had his inconsistencies, though they were far less marked and harsh than those of ALEXANDER. Pare away those inconsistencies, smooth down this generous, graceful, eloquent, voluptuous, ambitious warrior into the proportions of an ordinary

man, and then you have a work to be done with none to do it, a condition of things which Providence never permits. CÆSAR was the incarnation of the Roman democracy. Unless we view him as such we can understand neither his aspirations nor his success. The Roman aristocracy was thoroughly corrupt and worn out. What a Latin author said of POMPEY could have been said of all those of whom POMPEY constituted himself the defender, that they were of honourable lips but of shameless minds. The noble and valiant things their ancestors had done could not plead in their favour, could not save them from ruin, indeed only added to their disgrace by contrasting with their own degeneracy. Now the fall of the Roman aristocracy was as closely connected with the progress of Christianity as the conquests of ALEXANDER. The old Roman religion was exactly what the Anglican Church is in England,—a political institution. As such it was very jealously guarded from any interfusion of foreign elements. Even those who held Epicurean opinions, were inclined to maintain the national religion in its integrity. Now a religion or a church is never so intolerant as for political reasons. Suppose then that Christianity had risen when the Roman aristocracy had the force of a living fact, and disposed to defend from contagion that national religion which it considered an essential part of its own substance and strength; it would have regarded Christianity as a political antagonist, and warred against it with all the fierceness of political hate. But when the Roman aristocracy fell, the old Roman religion was no longer viewed as a political institution. Under the emperors, all religions, all mythologies, all Gods, the Egyptian, Phœnician, and others were admitted and often welcomed at Rome; and Christianity found entrance in the crowd. And by striking root at the heart of the empire, it found it more easy to spread over the empire itself. So that the inconsistent but very persistent CÆSAR is thus seen to be one of the best benefactors of our race. A man of Titanic persistency, but whom it is the habit to abuse for his inconsistency is BONAPARTE. What NAPOLEON's mission was in the fulfilment of the providential idea it is impossible for us to declare, as the conflicts and catastrophes are so recent in which he was the chief actor and the chief sufferer. But we cannot err in saying that he has modified the whole of our modern life, and that we cannot enter on any social or political process, whether destructive or constructive, in which his influence is not felt. Yet how is this wonderful man, so full of genius, so full of force, judged by the persons who write books, and who take all their notions of the world from books? They stick him up at the corner of their writing-desk like a school-boy and tell him that he is very naughty indeed, and especially is he naughty for his inconsistency. CHANNING has written a very long and tedious essay, boiling over with silly declamation, in which BONAPARTE is proved to be a consummate villain, because he spoke to men in the only language they could understand—the thunder of his battles. And in a late work of EMERSON's there is a lecture on NAPOLEON which is exceedingly ingenious, exceedingly paradoxical, and exceedingly false; and where the chief charge against NAPOLEON seems to be, that he did not sit like EMERSON on a pine stump, gaze into vacancy, and babble incomprehensible sentences. What egregious folly to judge by theories, men who despised theories and whose law was the torrent of tumultuous impulses, which God had placed in their souls! What nonsense to be angry with NAPOLEON for not sitting down to write declamatory essays or Yankee orations, when a sword had been put into his hand to cut down without pity mere traditional institutions which no longer responded to any human want! Carp at and criticise NAPOLEON as the pedants may, a wise and grateful posterity will regard him as the completest reformer we have had since the time of LUTHER. If we wish to know the real difference between a consistent and a persistent man, we have only to compare Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Sir ROBERT PEEL. The former beyond a certain talent for debate has none of the qualities that constitute a statesman of the first order. If we were to dwell upon his defects the catalogue would be longer than we have taste or time for. But it is thought an apology for all his shortcomings and failures that he has been prodigiously consistent, at least his friends and admirers say that he has been so. Yet if we were to examine this boasted consistency, we should find it

to be simply an inability to rise higher than the commonplace of a conventional liberalism, and a skill in putting clap-net about the British Constitution in the place of vigorous acts. How different PEEL! Here we have a man of purpose, a man with talent and will always adequate to the situation, a man without hesitancy and halfness, a man with the courage and the nobleness to be inconsistent, provided he can march on with sure and solid steps in the path of a victorious persistency. And it is persistent men like PEEL that must save our country if it is to be saved at all; men who trample on formulas as the mammoth tramples on reeds, and who are too grimly in earnest to heed the silly, small and shallow creatures who accuse them of inconsistency, that spectral word by which the English are so deplorably bewildered and befuddled.

KENNETH MORENCY.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Port-Royal Logic. Translated from the French, with an Introduction. By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1850. pp. 362.

ANY remarks we may make on the translation of a well-known work like the "Port-Royal Logic," must, of course, principally have to do with its merits as a faithful rendering of the original. The name of ANTONY ARNAULD, the author of the important part of the treatise, needs no laudation of ours to recommend his work to modern English readers; nor are the Port-Royalists so little known that we need enter on an exposition of their aims, or a narrative of the services they were called upon to render—and did render so ably—to philosophy. Had it been otherwise, the appearance of this treatise in its new dress offers a temptation which it would have been difficult to resist. But, such being the fact, if we indicate at all, on the present occasion, the peculiar interest which attaches to their labours, we shall do so, not in any words of our own, but in the well-chosen and effective language of the translation. One word, however, before going any further, as to the manner in which this gentleman has done his work. His task was a much more difficult one than that of ordinary translation; but he has every reason to congratulate himself on his success. It would be small praise to say that he has shown a mere acquaintance with the language which he has, in this instance, sought to render into our familiar idioms. He is, besides, evidently thoroughly conversant with the history of logic in all its stages, and, being a logician himself, runs no risk of blundering amidst difficulties where a mere French scholar would have floundered in hopeless perplexity, if, indeed, he did not get over them by a sort of leap, skip and jump, unconscious that they were difficulties at all. The terms of philosophy have always a precision and exclusiveness of signification in which consists their utility; and we can easily imagine the ludicrous mistakes into which a person, in other respects able and accomplished enough, might be betrayed merely by the habit of using exact technical terms in the loose and vacillating sense assigned to their counterparts in popular language. In such hands, too, we know that it is quite possible for the most valuable antithesis to be degraded into senseless paradox, the most significant and illuminating eloquence to dwindle into bombast, and the whole argument of the author to be emasculated of its vigour and emptied of its peculiar meaning. We are happy to see, therefore, that Mr. BAYNES has avoided this source of error, and has sought to prepare himself for his present undertaking, by a study of the science which

ARNAULD and NICOLE sought to elucidate, no less than of the language in which they wrote. He has also avoided a tendency too common with his tribe—that of clothing the clear and determined propositions of his author in a mist of fine language. In some cases, he has most wisely preferred even an apparent stiffness and clumsiness of phrase, to the ambiguity which would have resulted from any modification or paraphrase of the original. Perhaps the wisdom of this might have been questionable in the case of a different class of works—dealing with other objects, and written by authors having other than a purely scientific aim; but in a treatise on logic, the quality which transcends all others in importance is perspicuity, while in a text book, as this must be considered, any sacrifice of the author's phraseology would have betrayed a spirit of impertinence, and a want of honesty, altogether incompatible with the proper discharge of a translator's duties. It is certainly not in this direction that Mr. BAYNES shows any tendency to err.

In his introductory essay, he has very clearly and concisely pointed out the peculiar merits of the Port-Royal Logic. These are, principally, the importance it assigns to the doctrine of *method*, the discrimination of ideas in relation to their *quality* and *quantity*, and the subordinate discriminations under each of these relations; the reduction of the laws of syllogism to a single principle, and the account it gives of the various sources whence the vices of ordinary reasoning spring. As a treatise, this logic has a historical importance, as marking an important crisis—not only in the history of European philosophy, but even of intellectual freedom. It signalizes the adoption of a positive philosophical faith, in room of the distrust of previous scientific teaching which was everywhere prevalent at that time, and just before it had arrived, while, on the other hand, it may be said to have vindicated logic from the contempt which even those who knew least about it were previously able to manifest for it, if not with good reason, at least with impunity. Those who thought they had settled logic, when they had sneered at its antiquated forms, were now to be taught, by one of the boldest of the contemners of mere authority, that it had a life and reality quite distinct from these and independent of them. Indeed, in revolting from the authority of those who had so long held undisputed sway within its domain, the new logicians did, in fact, like other reformers, secure for it a new, more certain, and more permanent existence. Nor is its utility to ourselves less decided than its interest in relation to the past. It possesses nearly every quality desirable in a text-book, and, in this point of view, stands in remarkable contrast to the feeble, superficial, and incomplete compilations with which even our best schools of learning have hitherto been contented. There have been two previous translations into English. The first is by several hands, evidently persons ignorant of their own language, and of French, of philosophy, and of grammar, and destitute of good faith and good taste. It is, consequently, worthless. The second, published in 1716, is better, but copies many of its predecessor's errors, and sometimes omits whole pages of the original. The present translation is, therefore, the only trustworthy one. We observe that it is dedicated to Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, the amiable and gifted philosopher, who so nobly sustains the reputa-

tion of his country in the first of her universities, and of whose writings it has been truly said, by an American reviewer, that "it would be difficult to name any which display such a despotic command of all the resources of logic and metaphysics." In dedicating this work to him, the translator has made a happy selection.

In conclusion, we have only to express our entire satisfaction with the manner in which Mr. BAYNES has discharged his duty as translator, and to express the hope that a gentleman who can write so well as he has done in his introductory essay may soon appear before the public again, in the character of author. Our readers will peruse the following remarks of his, we doubt not, with much pleasure, and share in the approbation we have expressed. It is his account of the influence exerted by DESCARTES and his writings:—

Descartes appeared to recall philosophy from the pursuit of what it could never attain, to the humbler, yet wiser, task of investigating what lay within its reach. This he did both overtly and implicitly. Overtly, by rejecting the vain search after absolute principles, and the vain delusion of having found them; by founding philosophy on the sure basis of facts, the facts of inward experience, and restricting its sphere to the domain of consciousness; implicitly, by revealing the processes of his own mind in its search after truth. You saw him ever actively at work; and it was a fine introduction to the true "Art of Thinking," to be admitted to contemplate the workings of such a mind—to see it wrestling with doubt, and overthrowing it—gradually passing on, step by step, through scepticism, and difficulty, and indecision, until at length it arrived at certainty and truth.

The example of such thorough independence in philosophy was as new and strange as it was inspiring. Reason had long been subject to the yoke of authority; and though some noble efforts had been made against it before Descartes, these had not been thorough-going or sustained enough, to shake it off. Patricius had revolted from Aristotle in the interest of Plato; Ramus had done the same. Bruno and Campanella, it is true, had thrown off all authority, but they were at once too rash and too eccentric to destroy the influence of the church, or overthrow the power of the schools. It remained for Descartes successfully to vindicate the claims of reason. He fully emancipated it from the yoke of authority, and recalled (as we have said) philosophy to its true office—the investigation of the relative and knowable. The spirit of inquiry which had been already partially aroused was thus thoroughly awakened. Passive acquiescence gave way to active examination; reverence for tradition was overcome by the instinct of freedom; the power of authority was broken by the power of truth. Men awoke to the consciousness, that in matters belonging to reason they had a right to inquire, and could only thus be truly said to know. The value of opinions was estimated, not by the names they bore, but by the truth which they contained. Those who studied philosophy now passed from the stillness of the cloister to the bustle of the world; from exclusive converse with books to varied intercourse with men; from under the shadow of great names and old opinions, to the light of reason, and the individual responsibility of thought. The vices of extreme speculation were corrected by a constant and wholesome reference to the facts of experiment and observation. The severity of a self-consuming dialectic was tempered by a more varied range of study and a wider sphere of sympathy. Metaphysics and physics, philosophy and science, were pursued harmoniously together; and, as the natural result, there appeared a spirit of freedom, a love of truth, and a tone of health, in philosophical writings to which they had previously been strangers.

We are tempted also to quote the passage with which he concludes his review of the state of logic when the Port-Royal treatise appeared:—

Everywhere else a spirit of inquiry and examination was displayed, which was full of promise. Philosophy

was evidently casting aside the conditions of its scholastic existence in the interest of a higher and nobler development. Logic alone seemed incapable of advancement. It underwent no change, but still retained its old form, after its old life was dead. So long as scholasticism remained that form was entitled to respect; for there was a certain kind of quaint vitality about the old logic of the schools, which was not without its charm. In defect of the life with which we were familiar, it was pleasing to meet with "beings of reason," "logical quadrupeds," and disembodied universals,—to see the veritable tree of knowledge whereon genera and species grew, and from which they were gathered to meet the exigencies of mankind,—and to be introduced to those "extra-mundane and hyperphysical spaces, where chimeras feed and thrive to giants upon the dew of second intentions." But when the system with which all this was connected had passed away,—when it was no longer possible to discuss with grave simplicity whether twenty thousand angels could dance together on the point of a needle, without mutually incommoding each other,—with other questions, equally important, touching the penetration of bodies and the transduction of souls,—when all this, we say, could no longer be, it was necessary that the science with which it was identified should assume a new form, should reflect the rising intelligence of the age, and share in the onward progress of philosophy. Instead of this, however, as we have said, it retrograded; it became but a feeble echo of the schools. The best works at most only said well, what had been better said times innumerable before; while with scarcely a single exception, all followed servilely in the track of the elder writers, stumbled where they stumbled, deviated where they deviated, only with less power of recovery and return. A hopeless rigidity seemed to have fallen on the science. The same divisions invariably appeared; the predicables and predicaments were ever at the threshold. The same illustrations always recur; risibility was still postulated as the unique and catholic characteristic of man; Sortes (Socrates) was the only individual in the world; the horse (excepting, perhaps, the differential varieties of centaur and hippogriff) the only animal in creation; and the tree of Porphyry the only vegetable product in nature.

It was not that the mere repetition of the same examples, until they had become stereotyped in the science, was in itself an evil. In many respects it was a good; for, in a formal science like logic, the more formal the examples—the less (that is), the attention is diverted from the form to the matter—the better. It was not, therefore, the mere repetition of the old forms that was so bad;—they might have sufficed, but that the life of intelligence and active thought had died out of them, and they had thus become in some sort the symbols of that decay. The infusion of new life into the science would thus naturally, and almost necessarily, sweep away many of its existing accidental forms, in the interest of a newer and better manifestation of its essential principles. We have seen that these principles had been obscured by the blind statement and inane illustration which had been given of them. A fresh examination would exhibit them in a new form, and show, in their better statement and illustration, the beneficial results of an enlightened criticism.

This is exactly what the Port-Royal Logic accomplished.

SCIENCE.

Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force. By KARL BARON VON REICHENBACH, Ph. Dr. Translated and Edited by W. GREGORY, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Parts 1 and 2. London: Taylor, Walton, and Co. 1850.

DR. GREGORY first introduced to his countrymen the extraordinary discoveries of BARON REICHENBACH, in what may be termed the relationship of organic life to the powers that are known to us only by their influence upon the forms and qualities of inorganic matter, as Electricity and Magnetism, Heat, Light,

and Chemical Attraction. When, through the instrumentality of Dr. GREGORY's translation, these important investigations were submitted to the English public, believing them to open a new world to the science of Physiology, we devoted an unusual space to them in these pages, indeed, until the publisher complained that we were injuring the sale of the book by the copiousness of our analysis of it. Dr. GREGORY has now translated the second part, in continuation of that previously noticed, and revised and corrected the first part, of which the volume before us contains the second edition. We will not now travel again over the ground already trodden, but at once turn to the place at which we last parted from REICHENBACH and his researches.

The second part consists of several sections. The author first gives the names of upwards of fifty new persons whom he has found sensitive to the *odyle* force (this is the improved title which he has given to it), of whom thirty-five are healthy and vigorous, varying in degrees of sensitiveness, yet agreeing in their descriptions and statements. He then institutes a minute comparison of this new influence with the previously known influences of heat, electricity, and magnetism, and shows that they are fundamental differences, and that certainly they are not, as some have supposed, identical or the same under different forms of manifestation: but that there is nevertheless a striking analogy between them. He does not, however, pretend to deny that they may not ultimately resolve themselves into one common force; but he asserts only that, in the present state of knowledge, it is necessary to treat of them as distinct, just as we treat of electricity and magnetism as two sciences, while we acknowledge their intimate relationship, if not their positive identity.

He next proceeds, with the most careful elaboration, to describe minutely the various forms, characters and properties of the light given out by magnets of all kinds, and which are visible in the dark to the sensitive, and he states, as the results of his experiments, that upon the average, one-third of people in general are more or less sensitive to the *odyle* influence in this form and see the magnetic flames. But Dr. GREGORY remarks that his own experience does not confirm this estimate, and that, on the contrary, he has found it to be comparatively rare. He then describes the forms of the lights that proceeded from magnets, as seen by the fifty new persons with whom he has experimented, and which seems to take all shapes, from a luminous cloud to scintillations and flames; and thus he explains the theory of the German story of the spectres and demons of the mountains of the Hartz forest. He next states the effects produced by the different media, as vacuum, air, water, solids, and then he treats of the colours of the *odylic* light of magnets, which are often a complete iris, and, more interesting still, he shows how the light and its colours are affected by the varied positions of the magnet, and by the magnetism of the earth, and how the effects may be changed by giving to the poles of magnets differently shaped terminations, and by employing discharged and spherical magnets. Lastly, he applies the results of these experiments to the explanation of Aurora Borealis, which, in fact, he has produced, with all its characteristic phenomena, in high intensity and perfection, and in a form visible to the sensitive, by means of the spheroidal magnets.

Such is a brief outline of the second part of

this work, and in his preface to his excellent translation of it, Dr. GREGORY combats most of the objections that have been started by its opponents. The one only proper question for a lover of truth is, are the facts true? If they be, then there is opened a wide field of inquiry, which the student of nature will hasten to explore, by accumulating more facts, rather than by attempting to theorise upon them in the yet imperfect state of our knowledge. The volume that reports these researches into a new branch of physiology, which, if true, must necessarily explain to us so many of the mysteries of our being, and be to physiology what steam has been to the arts of life, needs no other recommendation to our readers than the description we have given of its contents.

HISTORY.

History of Greece. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq. Vols. 7 and 8. Murray.

THESE volumes advance the history from the peace of Nicias to the close of the Peloponnesian war, a period of only seventeen years! But this treatment will not be found too elaborate for the interest of the subject. The narrative never flags for a moment. The reader does not feel weary of the minute picture presented to him of the home politics of the Grecian communities, for he finds in many of them resemblances to the struggles of our own times. It was, indeed, a period, when the people of Greece were in a transition state: the contest that always has been, and ever will be, in all civilized communities, between Aristocracy and Democracy, which are two principles of human nature and represent two classes of mind, was then in active progress. This period embraces the breach by the Athenians of the Peace of Nicias; the Expedition to Syracuse, so ingloriously defeated: the league of Sparta with Persia to humble the proud city of the Acropolis: the conspiracy of the Oligarchy against the Democracy (so like that now proceeding in France), which ended in the tyranny of the Four Hundred. Its short and stormy four months' reign and the defeat of the Democracy; the reappearance of Alcibiades, his temporary success, his defeat at Notium and consequent banishment; the struggles of Athens with Lysander and the growing power of Sparta on the one side, and with Cyrus on the other, ending in the destruction of the fleet at Egispotami, which delivered her over to her rivals, who forthwith superseded the democratic constitution, and set up in its stead the thirty tyrants; such are the principal events which have inspired the pen of Mr. GROTE in the two volumes before us, and which he has treated, with the same scholarship, the same eloquence and the same skill in describing, and power of analysing and trying the truth, that have established the *History of Greece* as among the permanent additions our age has made to the historical literature of Europe.

To this brief outline of the contents of the two new volumes, we need not do more than add two or three passages which possess an independent interest. As this on

THE DEMAGOGUES OF GREECE.

As Grecian history has been usually written, we are instructed to believe that the misfortunes, and the corruption, and the degradation of the democratical states are brought upon them by the class of demagogues, of whom Kleon, Hyperbolus, Androkles, &c. stand forth as specimens. These men are represented as mischief-makers and revilers, accusing without just cause, and

converting innocence into treason. Now the history of this conspiracy of the Four Hundred presents to us the other side of the picture. It shows that the political enemies—against whom the Athenian people were protected by their democratical institutions—and by the demagogues as living organs of those institutions—were not fictitious but dangerously real. It reveals the continued existence of powerful anti-popular combinations, ready to come together for treasonable purposes, when the moment appeared safe and tempting. It manifests the character and morality of the leaders, to whom the direction of the anti-popular force naturally fell. It proves that these leaders, men of uncommon ability, required nothing more than the extinction or silence of the demagogues, to be enabled to subvert the popular securities and get possession of the government. We need no better proof to teach us what was the real function and intrinsic necessity of these demagogues in the Athenian system—taking them as a class, and apart from the manner in which individuals among them may have performed their duty. They formed the vital movement of all that was tutelary and public-spirited in democracy. Aggressive in respect to official delinquents, they were defensive in respect to the public and the constitution. If that anti-popular force, which Antiphon found ready-made, had not been efficient, at a much earlier moment, in stifling the democracy—it was because there were demagogues to cry aloud, as well as assemblies to hear and sustain them. If Antiphon's conspiracy was successful, it was because he knew where to aim his blows, so as to strike down the real enemies of the oligarchy and the real defenders of the people. I here employ the term demagogues because it is that commonly used by those who denounce the class of men here under review: the proper neutral phrase, laying aside odious associations, would be to call them popular speakers or opposition speakers. But by whatever name they may be called, it is impossible rightly to conceive their position in Athens, without looking at them in contrast and antithesis with whose anti-popular forces against which they formed the indispensable barrier, and which come forth into such manifest and melancholy working under the organising hands of Antiphon and Phrynichus.

Mr. GROTE says, that the political opinions of SOCRATES were more concerned in bringing about his condemnation than was his religious or philosophical creed:

THE POLITICS OF SOCRATES.

The political opinions of Sokratés were much akin to his ethical, and deserve especial notice, as having in part contributed to his condemnation by the Dikastery. He thought that the functions of government belonged legitimately to those who knew best how to exercise them for the advantage of the governed. "The legitimate King or Governor was not the man who held the sceptre—nor the man elected by some vulgar persons—nor he who had got the post by lot—nor he who had thrust himself in by force, or by fraud—but he alone who knew how to govern well." Just as the pilot governed on ship board, the surgeon in a sick man's house, the trainer in a palestra—every one else being eager to obey these professional superiors, and even thanking and recompensing them for their directions, simply because their greater knowledge was an admitted fact. It was absurd (Sokratés used to contend) to choose public officers by lot, when no one would trust himself on shipboard under the care of a pilot selected by hazard, nor would any one pick out a carpenter or a musician in like manner. We do not know what provisions Sokratés suggested for applying his principle to practice—for discovering who was the fittest man in point of knowledge—for superseding him in case of his becoming unfit, or in case another fitter than he should arise.

This is Mr. GROTE's commentary on

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES.

The words, spoken before his trial, intimate a state of belief which explains the tenor of the defence, and formed one essential condition of the final result. They proved that Sokratés not only cared little for being acquitted, but even thought that the approaching trial was marked out by the gods as the term of his life, and that there were good reasons why he should prefer such

a consummation as best for himself. Nor is it wonderful that he should entertain that opinion, when we recollect the entire ascendancy within him of strong internal conscience and intelligent reflection, built upon an originally fearless temperament, and silencing what Plato calls "the child within us, who trembles before death"—his great love of colloquial influence, and incapacity of living without it—his old age, now seventy years, rendering it impossible that such influence could much longer continue—and the opportunity afforded to him, by now towering above ordinary men under the like circumstances, to read an impressive lesson, as well as to leave behind him a reputation yet more exalted than that which he had hitherto acquired. It was in this frame of mind that Sokratés came to his trial, and undertook his unpremeditated defence, the substance of which we now read in the "Platonic Apology." His calculations, alike high-minded and well-balanced, were completely realised. Had he been acquitted after such a defence, it would have been not only a triumph over his personal enemies, but would have been a sanction on the part of the people and the popular Dikastery to his teaching—which indeed had been enforced by Anytus in his accusing argument, in reference to acquittal generally, even before he heard the defence: whereas his condemnation, and the feelings with which he met it, have shed double and triple lustre over his whole life and character.

Mr. GROTE excels in the analysis of character. Thus he depicts

ALCIBIADES.

At the age of thirty-one or thirty-two, the earliest at which it was permitted to look forward to an ascendant position in public life, Alcibiadés came forward with a reputation stained by private enormities, and with a number of enemies created by his insolent demeanour. But this did not hinder him from stepping into that position to which his rank, connections, and club-partisans afforded him introduction; nor was he slow in displaying his extraordinary energy, decision, and capacity of command. From the beginning to the end of his eventful political life, he showed a combination of boldness in design, resource in contrivance, and vigour in execution—not surpassed by any one of his contemporary Greeks; and what distinguished him from all was his extraordinary flexibility of character and consummate power of adapting himself to new habits, new necessities, and new persons, whenever circumstances required. Like Themistoklès—whom he resembled as well in ability and vigour as in want of public principle and in recklessness about means—Alcibiadés was essentially a man of action. Eloquence was in him a secondary quality, subordinate to action; and though he possessed enough of it for his purposes, his speeches were distinguished only for pertinence of matter, often imperfectly expressed, at least according to the high standard of Athens. But his career affords a memorable example of splendid qualities, both for action and command, ruined and turned into instruments of mischief by the utter want of morality, public and private. If, from his achievements, we turn to his dispositions, his ends, and his means—there are few characters in Grecian history who present so little to esteem, whether we look at him as a public or as a private man. His ends are those of exorbitant ambition and vanity—his means rapacious as well as reckless—from his first dealing with Sparta and the Spartan envoys, down to the end of his career. The manoeuvres whereby his political enemies first procured his exile were indeed base and guilty in a high degree; but we must recollect that if his enemies were more numerous and violent than those of any other politician in Athens, the generating seed was sown by his own overweening insolence, and contempt of restraints, legal as well as social. On the other hand, he was never once defeated, either by land or sea. In courage, in ability, in enterprise, in power of dealing with new men and new situations, he was never wanting: qualities which, combined with his high birth, wealth, and personal accomplishments, sufficed to render him for the time the first man in every successive party which he espoused—Athenian, Spartan, or Persian—oligarchical or democratical. But to none of them did he ever inspire any lasting confidence, all successively threw him off. On the whole, we shall find few men in whom eminent capacities for action and command are so

thoroughly marked by an assemblage of bad moral qualities as Alkibiades.

The following is curious, and will be new to many of our readers.

ATHENIAN EDUCATION.

The primitive education at Athens consisted of two branches; gymnastics, for the body—music, for the mind. The word *music* is not to be judged according to the limited signification which it now bears. It comprehended from the beginning everything appertaining to the province of the Nine Muses—not merely learning the use of the lyre, or how to bear part of a chorus, but also the hearing, learning, and repeating, of poetical compositions, as well as the practice of exact and elegant pronunciation—which latter accomplishment, in a language like the Greek with long words, measured syllables, and great diversity of accentuation between one word and another, must have been far more difficult to acquire than it is in any modern European language. As the range of ideas enlarged, so the words *music* and musical teachers acquired an expanded meaning, so as to comprehend matter of instruction at once ampler and more diversified. During the middle of the fifth century B.C. at Athens, there came thus to be found, among the musical teachers, men of the most distinguished abilities and eminence; masters of all learning and accomplishments of the age, teaching what was known of astronomy, geography, and physics, and capable of holding dialectical discussions with their pupils, upon all the various problems then afloat among intellectual men.

CLASSICS.

Anthologia Polyglotta. A selection of Versions in various Languages, chiefly from the Greek Anthology. By HENRY WELLESLEY, D.D. Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford. London: Murray.

THE time has ceased to be, when a love for classical literature was associated with pedantry and tastelessness. Modern knowledge has reproduced the old Hellenic spirit, and modern men of the world have discovered that the ideas of the present time were represented in the remote past, far more nearly than in the mediæval period.

It was the interest of the monastic bodies to conceal the real spirit of the classics, as one destructive of their own system and of priestly and feudal domination; and as they were the only keepers of ancient literature, they might do with it as they would. But the result of changes in constitutions and churches seems merely to have attained the point which classical antiquity long ago arrived at as to the great principles of politics and social intercourse. So with the fine arts, we have discarded mediæval stiffness and gorgeousness, to return to Athenian grace and simplicity. PHIDIAS and PRAXITELES are still our masters, and no pupil has ever yet surpassed them, not even that northern Athenian, THORWALDSEN. And still may the poet of modern times chasten his taste and dock his exuberances in deference to the great masters who wrote in the tongue of Greece. The proud Roman was so convinced of his inferiority to them in taste if not in genius, that his choicest works are but paraphrases of the Greek; and HORACE, the sweetest of lyric bards, was but the happiest of imitators.

"Vos exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

And yet may the same be said. The characteristic of every thing Greek is exquisite moderation, harmony, elegance and good taste. Their very mythology was not a monster-worship, but a very amiable idolatry of the personified beauties of nature—gods and goddesses, who seemed

engendered by the elements themselves, and concentrating in their persons the essence of the landscape's loveliness. Such was APOLLO the Son of Light, such was APHRODITE the Daughter of the calm and glowing Sea. And this exquisite taste is seen in all the greater and elder poets, whether in the "leaping and luminous" words of HOMER, or the Titanic grandeur of ÆSCHYLUS, or the sober sweetness of SOPHOCLES, or the eagle majesty of PINDAR. But, besides these great names, and stretching from a remote period down to the brazen age of Greece, are a host of minor poets, whose extant works form a string of gems, some of more some of less value, commonly known as the Greek Anthology. Dr. WELLESLEY has, with great pains, collected a number of translations in different languages of the best known of these poems, from which he has made a selection with considerable judgment. The translations are both old and new. The old ones, that is to say those not written with a view to this publication, are of different dates, some by GROTIVS and other masters of scholarship in past times, some by more modern authors up to those now living. Of the new translations some are his own, and the rest are the productions of gentlemen whose assistance he acknowledges in his preface, Messrs. BOOTH, BURTON, DE TEISSIER, STOKES, SWAYNE, GOLDWIN SMITH, and Count MORTARA. Dr. WELLESLEY seems generally to have preferred short and epigrammatic pieces, and his characteristic is neatness. We take one or two at random:

Who sculptured Love beside this fountain? Fool
To think with water such a flame to cool.

And another, the original of which is addressed to a cidevant beauty with more truth than compliment:

Though to your face that mirror lies,
'Tis just the glass for you,
Demosthenis; you'd shut your eyes
If it reflected true.

Here is one of the anonymous epigrams:

Venus, who sav'st at sea, O lend a hand,
Dear Goddess, for I'm wrecking on dry land.

Another whose sentiment is as unfortunately true in our own age as it was when it was written:

'Tis on poverty only, but not upon me
That your insolence leaves any trace;
If Jove were a beggar on earth, even he
Would share in a beggar's disgrace.

One more, on the same generally interesting subject:

Two evils, Want and Love, my spirits tame;
The hunger I can bear, but not the flame.

It is very remarkable that the ploughman of Ayrshire, who never read the Anthology, anticipated him in paraphrasing this epigram:

O poorthith cauld and restless love
Ye'll wreck my peace between ye;
But poorthith a' I could forgie
An 'twere na for my Jeannie. — Burns.

Some of these poems are of a mournful as well as a mirthful character: one of the former kind is translated into Latin and English by Mr. BOOTH. The translations are both elegant:

UPON A MAID WHO DIED ON THE DAY SHE WAS MARRIED.

Non tulit amplexum sponsi Clearista sed Orci
Cum foret in socio zona soluta toro.
Vespere nuncque nurns sonuit tibicine linnen
Et thalami plausus concrepuere fores;
Manc sed exoritur plangor, pavic usque silescens
Vertitur in luctum nenia factus Hymen:
Ipsaque fax eadem quæ lumen prætulit aulæ
Ducit ad infernus heu! minus apta! domos.

The cruel fates to Charista gave
Alas! no husband—but a wedded grave!

Erewhile, at eve there reigned the bridal hour
And lute and jocund din assailed her bower;
The dawn brings shrieks! that Hymeneal song
Is hushed; and strains the dirge of woe prolong.
The selfsame torch that lit the nuptial dome,
Shows the drear passage to her last long home.

Mr. BURTON has neatly transferred the epigrammatic spirit of the original of the next piece:

Of late, perusing Hesiod's "Works and Days,"
Advancing Pyrrha met my raptured gaze,
I dropped the book, and cried for all to hear,
Hence with thy works on days, when Pyrrha's near.

Here is a beautiful little poem, supposed to have been written to illustrate a story of a dolphin saving the life of a nightingale. Mr. DE TEISSIER has done it into Latin, Mr. SWAYNE into English:

Causabar Boream, volitans super aquora salsa
Nam mihi nec ventos Thracia dat faciles,
Tergore sed Delphin philomelam suave canentem
Excipit aquoreus, fertque natans volucrem.
Remige sic fido sine remis acta per undas
Ipsa meæ nautam muleo voce lyra:
Navita fit Delphin nullâ mercede Camonis
Fabula ne cui sit nomen Arioneum.

Blaming Boreas, o'er the sea
I was flying slowly,
For the wind of Thrace to me
Is a thing unholy.

As he glided onward still
With his earless rowing,
With the lute within my bill
I would cheer his going.

Dolphins never ply for hire,
But for love and glory,
When the sons of song require
Trust Arion's story.

Among Mr. STOKES' translations is an epitaph of a very mournful strain, but which is very fairly rendered in the English:

Tears were my birth-right; born in tears,
In tears too must I die;
And mine has been, through life's long years,
A tearful destiny.

Such is the state of man! from birth
To death all comfortless:
Then swept away beneath the earth,
In utter nothingness!

But, on glancing over Dr. WELLESLEY'S index, which is not the least creditable part of the whole performance, we see that the most copious of the new contributors is Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, Fellow of University College. This gentleman's translations, both in Latin and English, are distinguished by a peculiar happiness and delicacy. We take one of each:

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow,
No brodered robe nor jewelled head-dress thou.
Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare,
No gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair;
The loveliest lincinch of Indian fields
To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields.
Thy dewy lip; that form of melting mould—
Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold.
All these undo me; only in thine eyes
Comfort I find; there sweet hope ever lies.

The next is a translation of those beautiful lines of SIMONIDES on ANACREON:

Blanda meri genetrix, curæ solatia, Vitæ
Tortile quæ crispo palmitè vimen alis,
Marmore te summo semper florere jubebo,
Teius exigua quæ requiescit humo.
Ille gravis vino, madidæ dux ille choreæ,
Lascivæ pernox arbiter ille lyrae,
Pulvere vel positus supra caput usque racemos
Sentiat, autumno cum rubet uva, tuos,
Usque bibat rores illos, quæis dulcis ipsis
Manabat melico carmen ab ore senis.

Amongst the especial contributors to this elaborate work, is a foreigner of no ordinary merit, Count MORTARA; he thus translates into his native Italian, a love-song, in the spirit and taste of COWLEY:

Chi da rabbioso can morso sia stato
Dicon, che ognora dentro l'acqua vede
L'immagin di quel can che l'ha piagato.
Forse preso da rabbia Amore anch' esso
Ha me col suo crudel dente trafitto,
E il mio cervel tutto a soquadro messo;

Poich 'io pur, Dori, il volto tuo divino
Veggio in mare, ne' vortici de' flumi
E persin ne' biechier colmi di vino.

The other translations, not expressly made for the book, but collected, with laborious research, from different sources, are in Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish and English. Of these, the German represent best the original in meaning and powers, but are deficient in grace. The German language, of all modern languages, most resembles the ancient Greek flexibility and power of expression, but is its inferior in melody and delicacy. The French translations excel in point, but fail in vigour. The Italian are very sweet and simple, but fail in accurately expressing the original from the Latin genius of the language, and the same, as far as we can judge, may be said of the Spanish. Nor is the English translation the least difficult task. Many of these epigrams, to an English reader, seem to have "nothing in them," that is, no point or humour. This is true: our own language is not beautiful enough in itself, to atone by grace of words for poverty of meaning. But the Greek is so, and epigrams of this pointless kind, are difficult to translate, accordingly. Their original grace cannot be rendered, and it is not fair play to furnish them with a humorous turn, rather in modern than antique taste. On the whole, this book is a valuable addition to our literature—not only as bringing to notice many of the less known beauties of the Greek poets, but as affording an exposition of specimens of different languages, and matching them with each other, so as to display, in a small compass, the peculiar powers, beauties and deficiencies of each. To the tasteful classical student, it is a book which will well repay purchase and perusal.

MEDICINE.

An Account of some Discoveries relative to Consumption. By JOHN GARDNER, M.D. London: Simpkin and Co.

THE multitude of the victims of this malady; its supposed incurable nature, will continue to attract to any treatise upon it, rationally written by an experienced physician, the attention of most readers.

Dr. GARDNER has sought to contribute his mite to the investigation of the mystery, and we think he has thrown more light upon it than any of his predecessors.

Wherefore so! He has himself supplied the answer. The practice of physic is founded mainly upon empirical experience, that is, on observation of symptoms, and the use of remedies discovered accidentally. Few have sought the causes of disease, or in what the disease itself consists. In few words, the doctors have mistaken the symptom for the disease itself, whereas the symptoms we see are usually not the disease, but the self-curative process by which nature seeks to throw off the disease.

Now what is consumption?

The simple, but centre truth of all that is known relative to consumption, is, that its proximate cause, or essence, is a peculiar substance formed within the body, not available for restoring waste, or building up the organs, and having such a nature, that when once formed, it will not escape through the channels provided for giving exit to waste, and hurtful matters made in the system, or taken into the stomach with the food. This substance is *tubercle*.

TUBERCLE is an organic body *per se*, unorganized and uncrystalline, i.e., it has no mechanical texture or regular structure. Once formed in the human body, it

is piled up in the lungs, where, by an influence traceable step by step it gradually interferes with their functions, produces wounds, ulcers, or cavities, or chokes up the air-cells, disturbs the health in a variety of ways, and at length extinguishes life.

This is CONSUMPTION.

The emaciation,—the debility,—the fever,—sweats,—pains,—cough,—expectoration, yea, even the cavities in the lungs, or the choking of them, are but *effects*, a train of *consequences* of the first morbid state, not individually essential to the existence of the disease.

The defect in the theories of consumption at present held, consists in this, that only the physical properties of tubercle, the mechanical structure, and vital phenomena, of the lungs, have been taken into account; the chemical composition of the deposit, and the mode of its formation in the system, have been disregarded, or at least very imperfectly investigated.

Dr. GARDNER contends that we must look to organic chemistry for the true nature of tubercle, the mode of its formation, the means of detecting its presence, and the remedy.

He considers that it has its origin partly in improper food, and partly in a low habit of body.

He considers it to be *curable*, but reserves the statement of the mode of cure for a second pamphlet. In the meanwhile he urges attention to this rule:

Every man, woman, or child, who is aware that his or her parents, or near relatives, have died of consumption, should consider themselves through life as a person whose health is such as to require in all respects more than usual care and attention, and especially should attach more importance to slight attacks of disease, or approaches of ill health, than is ordinarily required.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES C. SOUTHEY, M.A. Vol. 4. London: Longman. 1850.

THIS fourth volume of the very interesting biography of SOUTHEY extends over the six years—1813 to 1819. The principal events here recorded are the publication of the *Life of Nelson*, his most successful work; his appointment to the office of Poet Laureat; a trip to Belgium and the field of Waterloo in 1816; a significant change in his political opinions, coincident with his Laureatship, and his contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, and with which he doubtless convinced himself, as men are wont to do, that *interest* had no concern; implacable war between himself and the Liberals, whose party he had quitted, and whom he assailed with the proverbial zeal of a renegade; a tour in Switzerland and Savoy, in 1847; the publication of *Roderick*, and *The Life of Wesley*, and a tour in Scotland. As before, the biographer has done little more than string together, usually without even an introduction, the voluminous correspondence of his father, arranged in order of date. Nor is this to be regretted, for we vastly prefer to read the life of a distinguished man, as thus revealed in his thoughts, and feelings, and acts, communicated day by day to his friends, than in a formal narrative that takes its hues from the mind of the author, so that we have not so much the hero himself presented as the ideal picture of him imagined by the biographer.

This plan, however, makes a formal abstract of the memoir equally impossible, and compels us to be content with exhibiting the work by extracts culled here and there, as having some special interest. In this fashion we must continue to deal with the *Life of Southey*.

Here is a delightful picture of

SOUTHEY AT HOME.

It is somewhat late to speak of Christmas and the New Year; nevertheless I wish you as many as you may be capable of enjoying, and the more the better. Winter is passing on mildly with us; and if it were not for our miry soil and bad ways, I should not wish for pleasanter weather than January has brought with it. Ailments rather than inclination have led me of late to take regular exercise, which I was wont to think I could do without as well as a Turk; so I take two or three of the children with me, and, giving them leave to call upon me for their daily walk, their eagerness overcomes my propensity for the chair and the desk; we now go before breakfast, for the sake of getting the first sunshine on the mountains, which, when the snow is on them, is more glorious than at any other season. Yesterday I think I heard the wild swan, and this morning had the finest sight of wild-fowl I ever beheld: there was a cloud of them above the lake, at such a height, that frequently they became invisible, then twinkled into sight again, sometimes spreading like smoke as it ascends, then contracting as if performing some military evolution,—once they formed a perfect bow; and thus wheeling and charging, and rising and falling, they continued to sport as long as I could watch them. They were probably wild ducks.

Your godson is determined to be a poet, he says; and I was not a little amused by his telling me this morning, when he came near a hollow tree which has caught his eye lately, and made him ask me sundry questions about it, that the first poem he should make should be about that hollow tree. I have made some progress in rhyming the Greek accidence for him—an easier thing than you would perhaps suppose it to be; it tickles his humour, and lays hold of his memory.

After all, how much more interesting always is *the man*, than the poet, or the philosopher! This is his account of

THE LIFE OF NELSON.

"The Life of Nelson" was completed this morning. The printer began with it before it was half written, but I have distanced him by ten sheets. Do not fear that I have been proceeding too fast: it is he who, after the manner of printers, has given me plenty of time by taking his own. This is a subject which I should never have dreamt of touching, if it had not been thrust upon me. I have walked among sea terms as carefully as a cat does among crockery; but, if I have succeeded in making the narrative continuous and clear—the very reverse of what it is in the lives before me—the materials are, in themselves, so full of character, so picturesque, and so sublime, that it cannot fail of being a good book. . . . I am very much inclined to attempt, under some such title as the Age of George III., a sketch of the revolutions which, almost everywhere and in all things, have taken place within the last half century. Any comparison which it might induce with Voltaire would rather invite than deter me. When I come to town I shall talk with Murray about this.

In a note, Mr. SOUTHEY presents us with an extract from a sensible letter addressed by SCOTT to a youth who was ambitious to be a poet, like many other youths. The advice is too sound not to receive the widest circulation all the friends of genius can give it.

SCOTT'S ADVICE TO A WOULD-BE POET.

After saying that "though in general he had made it a rule to decline giving an opinion upon the verses so often sent him for his criticism, this application was so couched that he could not well avoid making an exception in their favour," he adds,—"I have only to caution you against relying very much upon it: the friends who know me best, and to whose judgment I am myself in the constant habit of trusting, reckon me a very capricious and uncertain judge of poetry; and I have had repeated occasions to observe that I have often failed in anticipating the reception of poetry from the public. Above all, sir, I must warn you against suffering yourself to suppose that the power of enjoying natural beauty, and poetical description, are necessarily connected with that of producing poetry. The former is really a gift

of Heaven, which conduces inestimably to the happiness of those who enjoy it. The second has much more of a knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit; and, at any rate, is only valuable when combined with the first. . . . I would also caution you against an enthusiasm which, while it argues an excellent disposition and feeling heart, requires to be watched and restrained, though not repressed. It is apt, if too much indulged, to engender a fastidious contempt for the ordinary business of the world, and gradually to render us unfit for the exercise of the useful and domestic virtues, which depends greatly upon our not exalting our feelings above the temper of well ordered and well educated society. No good man can ever be happy when he is unfit for the career of simple and commonplace duty; and I need not add how many melancholy instances there are of extravagance and profligacy being resorted to under pretence of contempt for the common rules of life. Cultivate then, sir, your taste for poetry and the belles-lettres as an elegant and most interesting amusement; but combine it with studies of a more severe and solid cast, and such as are most intimately connected with your prospects in future life. In the words of Solomon—"My son, get knowledge."

Here is a scrap of a truth we have often felt.

SOUTHEY ON SUDDEN DEATH.

The prayer in the Litany against *sudden* death, I look upon as a relic of Romish error, the only one remaining in that finest of all human compositions,—death without confession and abolution being regarded by the Romanist as the most dreadful of all calamities, naturally is one of the evils from which they pray to be delivered. I substitute the word *violent* in my supplications; for since that mode of dissolution which, in the Scriptures, is termed falling asleep, and which should be the natural termination of life passed in peace and innocence and happiness, has become so rare, that it falls scarcely to the lot of one in ten thousand, instantaneous and unforeseen death is the happiest mode of our departure, and it is even more desirable for the sake of our surviving friends than for our own.

Now for his account of his

APPOINTMENT AS LAUREAT.

Accordingly I called on Croker. He had spoken to the Prince; and the Prince observing that I had written "some good things in favour of the Spaniards," said the office should be given me. You will admire the reason; and infer from it that I ought to have been made historiographer because I had written *Madoc*. Presently Croker meets Lord Liverpool, and tells him what had passed; Lord Liverpool expressed his sorrow that he had not known it a day sooner, for he and the Marquis of Hertford had consulted together upon whom the vacant honour could most properly be bestowed. Scott was the greatest poet of the day, and to Scott therefore they had written to offer it. The Prince was displeased at this; though he said he ought to have been consulted, it was his pleasure that I should have it, and have it I should. Upon this Croker represented that he was Scott's friend as well as mine, that Scott and I were upon friendly terms; and for the sake of all three he requested that the business might rest where it was.

Thus it stood when I made my first call at the Admiralty. I more than half suspected that Scott would decline the offer, and my own mind was made up before this suspicion was verified. The manner in which Scott declined it was the handsomest possible; nothing could be more friendly to me, or more honourable to himself.

Upon which he addressed to his wife his

FIRST LAUREAT LINES.

The following poetical announcement of his being actually installed may excite a smile:—

I have something to tell you, which you will not be sorry at,
'Tis that I am sworn in to the office of Laureat.
The oath that I took there could be nothing wrong in,
'Twas to do all the duties to the dignity belonging.
Keep this, I pray you, as a precious gem,
For this is the Laureat's first poem.

There, my dear Edith, are some choice verses for you. I composed them in St. James's Park yesterday, on my way from the Chamberlain's office, where a good old gentleman usher, a worthy sort of fat old man in a

wig and bag and a snuff coloured full dress suit with cut steel buttons and a sword, administered an oath.

On that great occasion he dined at Lansdowne House, and for the first time met

LORD BYRON.

I dined on Sunday at Holland House, with some eighteen or twenty persons. Sharp was there, who introduced me with all due form to Rogers and to Sir James Mackintosh, who seems to be in a bad state of health. In the evening Lord Byron came in. He had asked Rogers if I was "magnanimous," and requested him to make for him all sorts of amends honourable for having tried his wit upon me at the expense of his discretion; and in full confidence of the success of the apology, had been provided with a letter of introduction to me in case he had gone to the Lakes, as he intended to have done. As for me, you know how I regard things of this kind; so we met with all becoming courtesy on both sides, and I saw a man whom in voice, manner, and countenance I liked very much more than either his character or his writings had given me reason to expect. Rogers wanted me to dine with him on Tuesday (this day): only Lord Byron and Sharp were to have been of the party, but I had a pending engagement here, and was sorry for it.

To BERNARD BARTON he addressed the following description of

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth's residence and mine are fifteen miles asunder, a sufficient distance to preclude any frequent interchange of visits. I have known him nearly twenty years, and, for about half that time, intimately. The strength and the character of his mind you see in the *Excursion*, and his life does not belie his writings, for, in every relation of life, and every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man. In conversation he is powerful beyond any of his contemporaries; and, as a poet,—I speak not from the partiality of friendship, nor because we have been so absurdly held up as both writing upon one concerted system of poetry, but with the most deliberate exercise of impartial judgment whereof I am capable, when I declare my full conviction that posterity will rank him with Milton.

This will now have melancholy interest.

SOUTHEY had formed very decided opinions on a subject just now hotly debated. In common with almost all rational men, he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing either in religion or morals that forbade the union with a wife's sister.

SOUTHEY ON MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The question of incest was touched upon, and you very properly recommended that the case of—should rest upon the existing law, rather than make it the subject of a specific (and superfluous) clause in the act of divorce. But has it never occurred to you, my dear Wynn, that this law is an abominable relic of ecclesiastical tyranny? Of all second marriages, I have no hesitation in saying that these are the most natural, the most suitable, and likely to be the most frequent, if the law did not sometimes prevent them. It is quite monstrous to hear judges and lawyers speaking, as they have done of late, upon this subject, and confounding natural incest with what was only deemed to be incestuous, in order that the Church might profit by selling dispensations for its commission—a species of marriage, too, which was not only permitted by the Levitical law, but even enjoined by it. I should be glad to know in what part of the Christian dispensation it is prohibited as a crime. The probable reason why the law was not swept away in this country at the Reformation, was, because it involved the *cause* of that event; but surely we owe no such respect to the memory of Henry the Eighth, that it should still continue to disgrace a reformed country.

From Belgium, during his tour, he transmits a description of

WATERLOO AFTER THE BATTLE.

Our weather hitherto has been delightful. This was especially fortunate at Waterloo and at Ligny, where

we had much ground to walk over. It would surprise you to see how soon nature has recovered from the injuries of war. The ground is ploughed and sown, and grain and flowers and seeds already growing over the field of battle, which is still strewn with vestiges of the slaughter, caps, cartridges, boxes, hats, &c. We picked up some French cards and some bullets, and we purchased a French pistol and two of the eagles which the infantry wear upon their caps. What I felt upon this ground, it would be difficult to say; what I saw, and still more what I heard, there is no time at present for saying. In prose and in verse you shall some day hear the whole. At Les Quatre Bras, I saw two graves, which probably the dogs or the swine had opened. In the one were the ribs of a human body, projecting through the mould; in the other, the whole skeleton exposed. Some of our party told me of a third, in which the worms were at work, but I shrunk from the sight. You will rejoice to hear that the English are as well spoken of for their deportment in peace as in war. It is far otherwise with the Prussians. Concerning them there is but one opinion; their brutality is said to exceed that of the French, and of their intolerable insolence I have heard but too many proofs. That abominable old Frederic made them a military nation, and this is the inevitable consequence. This very day we passed a party on their way towards France—some hundred or two. Two gentlemen and two ladies of the country, in a carriage, had come up with them; and these ruffians would not allow them to pass, but compelled them to wait and follow the slow pace of foot soldiers! This we ourselves saw. Next to the English, the Belgians have the best character for discipline.

We have seen him in the bosom of his home, devotedly attached to his boy, so full of promise as the inheritor of his genius. That beloved boy died after a long illness, and the letters of the father during this period, and for some time afterwards, are tinged with the most profound melancholy. The following letter to his friend BEDFORD has a painful interest:

SOUTHEY IN AFFLICTION.

Wherefore do I write to you? Alas, because I know not what to do. To-morrow, perhaps, may bring with it something like the beginning of relief. To-day I hope I shall support myself, or rather that God will support me, for I am weak as a child, in body even more than in mind. My limbs tremble under me; long anxiety has wasted me to the bone, and I fear it will be long before grief will suffer me to recruit. I am seriously apprehensive for the shock which my health seems to have sustained; yet I am wanting in no effort to appear calm and to console others; and those who are about me give me credit for a fortitude which I do not possess. Many blessings are left me—abundant blessings, more than I have deserved, more than I had ever reason to expect or even to hope. I have strong ties to life, and many duties yet to perform. Believe me, I see these things as they ought to be seen. Reason will do something. Time more, Religion most of all. The loss is but for this world; but as long as I remain in this world I shall feel it.

Some way my feelings will vent themselves. I have thought of endeavouring to direct their course, and may, perhaps, set about a monument in verse for him and for myself, which may make our memories inseparable.

There would be no wisdom in going from home. The act of returning to it would undo all the benefit I might receive from change of circumstance for some time yet. Edith feels this; otherwise, perhaps, we might have gone to visit Tom in his new habitation. Summer is at hand. While there was a hope of Herbert's recovery, this was a frequent subject of pleasurable consideration; it is now a painful thought, and I look forward with a sense of fear to the season which brings with it life and joy to those who are capable of receiving them. You, more than most men, are aware of the extent of my loss, and how, as long as I remain here, every object within and without, and every hour of every day, must bring it fresh to recollection. Yet the more I consider the difficulties of removing, the greater they appear; and perhaps by the time it would be possible, I may cease to desire it.

Whenever I have leisure (will that ever be?) I will

begin my own memoirs, to serve as a post-obit for those of my family who may survive me. They will be so far provided for as to leave me no uneasiness on that score. My life insurance is 4,000*l.*; my books (for there is none to inherit them now) may be worth 1,500*l.*; my copyrights, perhaps not less; and you will be able to put together letters and fragments, which, when I am gone, will be acceptable articles in the market. Probably there would, on the whole, be 10,000*l.* forthcoming. The whole should be Edith's during her life, and afterwards divided equally among the surviving children. I shall name John May and Neville White for executors,—both men of business, and both my dear and zealous friends. But do you take care of my papers, and publish my remains. I have perhaps much underrated the value of what will be left. A selection of my reviews may be reprinted, with credit to my name and with profit. You will not wonder that I have fallen into this strain. One grave is at this moment made ready; and who can tell how soon another may be required? I pray, however, for continued life. There may be, probably there are, many afflictions for me in store, but the worst is past. I have more than once thought of Mr. Roberts; when he hears of my loss, it will for a moment freshen the recollection of his own.

Some time after we find him, as a writer for the *Quarterly Review*, actively engaged in political discussions. This was his notion of the proper method of combating the Reformers by a counter-reform.

SOUTHEY ON REFORM.

But here I wish to begin upon an exposure of the evils which exist in our state of society, and which it is the duty and interest of Government, as far as possible, to mitigate and remove. Some things should be got rid of as matters of scandal. To destroy influence in elections would be neither wise if it were possible, nor possible if it were wise; but it is not fit that men should sell seats in Parliament; though very fit that they should be bought. I would have these bought openly, like commissions in the army, and the money applied to form a fund for public works, either national or provincial: a scandal is got rid of and a good produced, and the species of property which would be touched by it is one which ought not to have existed, as having always been contrary to positive law. I think, too, that the few great sinecures which still exist should be given up, and applied during the lives of the present incumbents to some purposes of public splendour, that they may give them up with a grace. I would also give members to the great towns which have none, restricting the voters by such qualifications as should, as far as may be, disqualify the mere mob. I would lay no stress on these things, further than as depriving the anarchists of the only topics which give a shadow of plausibility to their harangues.

We shall return once again to this volume.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Month at Constantinople. By ALBERT SMITH. London: Bogue. 1850.

ALBERT SMITH made the usual rapid summer trip to Constantinople, taking Switzerland by the way, and he spent a month there inspecting its infinite variety of sights, so full of novelty to a native of Western Europe, jotting down the impressions they made upon his quick fancy, in his own lively fashion, and aiding his narrative with characteristic sketches of the pencil, which have been transferred to the pages before us and will prove to be not the least attractive of their contents. With great modesty ALBERT SMITH offers his volume for just what it is, a book to be lounged over when one is not in the mood for more thoughtful reading. It brings vivid images to the mind's eye, enables us to see what the author saw as he saw it, and because it is so cheerful, and good-humoured, and sketchy, we suspect

that it will be a greater favourite with the public than books of travel more learned and elaborate, but decidedly heavier; and we are certain that whosoever opens it and reads a page or two will be sure not to part with it till he has read it through. A few passages will show the manner of the book, and prove the justice of our opinion of it.

Descriptions of the Bazaars of the East are countless. But we never read one so graphic as this of

THE BAZAAR AT SMYRNA.

Apart from the party-coloured and changing crowd which filled the thoroughfare, I was most struck with the wares exposed for sale—calling up the renewed indefinable feeling of pleasure at seeing things laid out to be bought at ordinary common-place prices, which we only knew at home as the products of long mysterious voyages from other quarters of the globe. Here, were huge morsels of the "best Turkey sponge," redolent of ocean depths, and heavy with the sea-sand that still filled their pores: there, were baskets of yellow rhubarb, cakes of aromatic opium, and bags of fresh clammy dates, ready to burst with their very sweetness. Then we came to a perfumer's, where the otto of roses scented the air all round, even from its little thick gilded bottles with their small reservoir of essence; where the musk purses and tablets also contributed their odour, and the rosaries hung about had their beads turned from dark and fragrant aloeswood. Anon were beautiful arms from Damascus—arabesque and glittering blades, with jewelled handles and velvet-coloured sheaths,—curious and elaborately mounted pistols, and strangely-picturesque fire-arms, amongst which might haply be seen, as the greatest curiosity of all, to the vendor, a double-barrelled percussion gun from Birmingham. Then came rich carpets, and quilted coats of silk, scarlet caps, and costly pipes of every shape and fabric; and then a seller of sherbet—real Eastern sherbet—at something more than a halfpenny a cup; or a dresser of kebabs, and pillaff, plying his trade in the very centre of the above-named rarities.

In themselves, the shops most striking at first sight were those for selling glass lamps, such as were hung in the Mosques and Greek churches; and slippers, of every bright colour, worked with thread of gold and silver. I have spoken of the gay crowds who jostled one another through the bazaars. Every passenger appeared to wear a fresh costume. Turks, Albanians, Persians, Egyptians, and Circassians,—merchants, scheiks, dervishes, slaves, and water-sellers,—with every variety of head-dress, from the simple scarlet fez to the tall black sheepskin cap, or the huge white or green turban, that looked several stories high, and might have served for the owner's store-room,—where jumbled up together in a strange kaleidoscope, as bewildering as it was attractive. One would several eyes to watch all that was going on at once; and when a jangling train of fourteen or fifteen camels came blundering along the passage, the two sides of which they almost swept with their packages, the delight of all our party was complete. Everything was so bright, so novel; everything so much more than realized our expectations,—not a very common occurrence with travellers,—that I do not believe throughout the future journey any impressions were conveyed more vivid than those we experienced during our first half hour in the bazaars of the sunny, bustling, beauty-teeming Smyrna.

Here is

AN HOTEL WAITER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

There was the most wonderful waiter at this hotel that I ever saw—a tall, thin, lath-built fellow, from Venice, who sprang and darted about the *salle-à-manger* in such an extraordinary manner—changing the dish of meat into that of figs, with such strange rapidity; waiting upon twenty people at once; banging out at one door, and directly afterwards in at another quite opposite, and wearing such an odd tight dress, that we christened him Arlechino. He poured out tea for everybody, drew a dozen corks, shot into the kitchen, came back and said he had thrashed the cook who was a Greek, frightened two or three guests of nervous fibre so, by his activity, that they were afraid to ask for anything—in fact, did so much, that I don't suppose any-

body would have been astonished to have seen him take a leap, and disappear through the dial of a clock, or the centre of a picture, or any other of those strange points which harlequins generally select for their sudden departures.

It seems that hotel accommodation is pretty good. Everything is to be got but fresh butter and wine, the stuff produced as wine being something "like very bad still champagne, sickened with coarse moist sugar."

Let us hear Mr. ALBERT SMITH's opinion of the

TURKISH WOMEN.

The number of veiled women, straggling and shuffling about, in their large awkward yellow Wellington boots,—for I can describe them in no better fashion,—first engaged my observation. The greater portion of them were clad in a cumbersome wrapper, or *ferigee*, of what appeared to be coarse brown serge, entirely concealing the figure. When it was drawn up a little, one could see the naked skin of the leg just appearing above the foot; for socks and stockings are unknown to the inmates of the hareems. They thrust these odious boots into slipshod slippers without heels when they go abroad: and the difficulty of keeping them on produces a most ungainly shuffling in-toed gait. The veil, or *gashmack*, is of one or two pieces, arranged as shown in the illustration. It is now made of such fine material,—a simple layer of tarlatane in most instances,—that the features are perfectly discernible through it; and the more coquettish beauties allow something more than their eyes to be seen, where it divides. These last features are wonderfully fine—dark, heavy-lashed, and almond-shaped; and they derive a strange force of expression from their contrast with the veil. Their brilliancy is aided by a dark powder introduced under the lid, which blackens its edges. The women wear no gloves, but stain the ends of their fingers, and palms of their hands (as well as, I believe, the soles of their feet), with a dye called *Henna*.

And they are not unwilling to be looked at:—

There is loud musical female laughter now heard, and an odd vehicle crosses the bridge, drawn by a jaded horse. We have no conveyance like it in England: nor possibly is there its fellow out of Turkey. It has no seats; but on cushions in its interior those dark-eyed beauties are sitting,—pale Circassian girls, and inmates of the harem of some great man. The carriage halts in front of you, to allow a train of mules, carrying planks, to pass on their way to Pera, and you can see the inmates plainly. One of them stares fixedly at you: you look again, and she is not angry—a few years ago, you would have been sent away. She only draws back, but she still keeps her eyes on you—wondrous large-pupiled eyes, in whose depths your own vision appears to lose itself. Then she speaks to her companions, and just as the vehicle moves on, they all three join in another burst of ringing laughter, and leave you to debate whether an uncompanionable beauty—to say nothing of three—can be regarded as a jewel or a bore, in a man's household.

He dissipates the romance that attaches to

TURKISH COFFEE.

I was very much disappointed with the Turkish coffee, of which we hear so much in England: it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the Estaminet Hollandais, in the Palais Royal, or any other good Parisian house. The coffee, in this instance, was bruised rather than ground, made very strong, sweetened, and then poured out, grouts and all, into the little cups. When it had settled, it was carefully sipped, and the grounds filled up above a third of the cup.

Every body has heard of the pest which, next to the plague, most afflicts Constantinople. Mr. ALBERT SMITH thus introduces us to

THE DOGS.

On retiring to bed, I carried with me the feeling of still being on the sea, and so appeared to be undulating gently, with a sensation far more disagreeable than the reality. I was restless, too, with the recollection of my day's sights, and after an hour's doze, I woke up again,

and went and sat by the window. The noise I then heard I shall never forget.

To say that if all the sheep-dogs going to Smithfield on a market day had been kept on the constant bark, and pitted against the yelping curs upon all the carts in London, they could have given any idea of the canine uproar that now first astonished me, would be to make the feeblest of images. The whole city rang with one vast riot. Down below me at Tophanë—over at Stamboul—far away at Scutari—the whole eighty thousand dogs that are said to overrun Constantinople, appeared engaged in the most active extermination of each other, without a moment's cessation. The yelping, howling, barking, growling, and snarling, were all merged into one uniform and continuous even sound, as the noise of frogs becomes when heard at a distance. For hours there was no lull. I went to sleep, and woke again; and still, with my windows open, I heard the same tumult going on: nor was it until daybreak that anything like tranquillity was restored. In spite of my early instruction, that dogs delight to bark and bite, and should be allowed to do so, it being their nature, I could not help wishing that, for a short season, the power was vested in me to carry out the most palpable service for which brickbats and the Bosphorus could be made conjointly available.

The following is certainly a novelty:—

THE CIRCUS.

I went in the evening the "*Grand Circo Olimpico*"—an equestrian entertainment in a vast circular tent, on a piece of open ground up in Pera: and it was as curious a sight as one could well witness. The play-bill was in three languages,—Turkish, Armenian, and Italian: and the audience was composed almost entirely of Levantines, nothing but fezzees been seen round the benches. There were few females present; and of Turkish women, none; but the house was well filled, both with the spectators and the smoke from the pipes which nearly all of them carried. There was no buzz of talk,—no distant hailings, nor whistlings, nor sounds of impatience. They all sat as grave as judges, and would, I believe, have done so for any period of time, whether the performance had been given or not. I have said the sight was a curious one, but my surprise was excited beyond bounds, when a real clown—a perfect "Mr. Merriman," of the arena—jumped into the ring, and cried out, in perfect English, "Here we are again—all of a lump! How are you?" There was no response to his salutation, for it was evidently incomprehensible; and so it fell flat, and the poor clown looked as if he would have given his salary for a boy to have called for "Hot Collins!" I looked at the bill, and found him described as the "*Grotteco Inglese*" Whitayne. I did not recognise the name in connexion with the annals of Astley's, but he was a clever fellow, notwithstanding; and, when he addressed the master of the ring, and observed, "If you please, Mr. Guillaume, he says, that you said, that I said, that they said, that nobody had said, nothing to anybody," it was with a drollery of manner that at last agitated the fezzees, like poppies in the wind, although the meaning of the speech was still like a sealed book to them. I don't know whether great writers of Eastern travel would have gone to this circus; but yet it was a strange sight. For aught that one could tell, we were about to see all the mishaps of Billy Button's journey to Brentford, represented, in their vivid discomfort, upon the shores of the Bosphorus, and within range of the sunset shadows from the minarets of St. Sophia!

The company was a very fair one, and they went through the usual programme of the amphitheatre. One clever fellow threw a bullet in the air, and caught it in a bottle during a "rapid act;" and another twisted himself amongst the rounds and legs of a chair, keeping a glass full of wine in his mouth. They leapt over lengths of stair-carpet, and through hoops, and did painful things, as Olympic youths, and Lion-vaulters of Arabia. The attraction of the evening, however, was a very handsome girl—Maddalena Guillaume—with a fine Gitana face and exquisite figure. Her performance consisted in clinging to a horse, *dressé en liberté*, with merely a strap hung to its side. In this she put one foot, and flew round the ring in the most reckless manner, leaping with the horse over poles and gates, and hanging on apparently by nothing, until the

fezzees were in a quiver of delight, for her costume was not precisely that of the Stamboul ladies; in fact, very little was left to the imagination.

ALBERT SMITH does not fall into a sentimental mood on visiting the Slave-market. He considers that there are two sides to that question. Hear him:—

A VISIT TO THE SLAVE MARKET.

I should be very sorry to run against any proper feelings on the subject, but I do honestly believe that if any person of average propriety and rightmindedness were shown these creatures, and told that their lot was to become the property of others, and work in return for food and lodging, he would come to the conclusion that it was all they were fit for—indeed, he might think they had gained in exchanging their wretched savage life for one of comparative civilization. I would not pretend, upon the strength of a hurried visit to a city, to offer the slightest opinion upon the native domestic and social economy; but I can say that whenever I have seen the black slaves abroad, they have been neatly dressed, and apparently well kept; and that, if shopping with their mistresses in the bazzars, the conversation and laughing that passed between them was like that between two companions. The truth is that the "virtuous indignation" side of the question holds out grander opportunities to an author for fine writing than the practical fact. But this style of composition should not always be implicitly relied upon; I knew a man who was said by certain reviews and literary *cliques* to be "a creature of large sympathies for the poor and oppressed," because he wrote touching things about them; but who would abuse his wife, and brutally treat his children, and harass his family, and then go and drink until his large heart was sufficiently full to take up the "man-and-brother" line of literary business, and suggest that a tipsy chartist was as good as a quiet gentleman. Of this class are writers who even call livery "a badge of slavery," and yet, in truth, if the real slave felt as proud of his costume and calves as John feels, he might be considerably envied for his content by many of us.

As we entered the court yard, a girl rose and asked Demetri if I wanted to buy her. I told him to say that I did, and would take her to England. She asked Demetri where that was, and on being told that it was so many days' journey, she ran away, declaring that she would never go so far with anybody. We next went up to a circle of black females, who had clustered under the shade of a tree. A Turkish woman in her veil was talking to them. I made Demetri tell them that we had no slaves in England, as our Queen did not allow it, but that every one was free as soon as they touched the land. This statement excited a laugh of the loudest derision from all the party, and they ran to tell it to their companions, who screamed with laughter as well; so that I unwittingly started a fine joke that day in the Slave Market.

But travelling in Turkey is not always so agreeable. Such an adventure as the following is by no means pleasant. It certainly is a warning not to carry anything fixed to the person.

A HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

They were passing one of these masses, with some brushwood on the other side of the path, when two men sprang forward and stopped the *Surroudjee*. At the same moment, two other fellows appeared in the rear, and they were directly afterwards joined by a fifth. All these men were armed. They made the travellers dismount, tore off their coats to see if they were armed, which fortunately they were not; and, then quietly rifled their pockets, taking all they wanted. Fortunately, Lord Mandeville had nothing of great value about him, except a gold watch. This, of course they appropriated, as well as his sash, his pocket-handkerchief, and even a strip of silk he wore round his neck. Just as he was remounting, one of the rascals saw a ring on his finger. The tried to get this off, but as it had been a lady's, it was not very easy, and the chief of the party drew his *yatagan* to take away finger and all. The dragoman, however, interfered, and contrived to release it with his mouth. When everything available had been taken, the fellows departed.

The Levantine steamers are all managed by English engineers. From one of these ALBERT SMITH received the following story:—

"Lor' bless you, sir," he began—"the power of the boat hasn't much to do with it! When Marmed Ali started his boat on the Nile, Abbas Pacha started one as well, and tried to beat him; and did it too, though his'n wasn't nigh such a good boat. When Marmed Ali's boat was on a-head, Abbas Pacha used to come down and say, 'Mr. Horton,' he used to say, 'we must lick my uncle's boat;' (lenstwise he didn't say *lick*, but he meant it in his tongue, as I might say,) and then he used to go on and say, 'Mr. Horton,' he'd say, 'we'll have a bottle of champagne together,' says he. Now, they say the Mustaphas don't drink, but, Lor' bless us, I've had Abbas so overcome, as the saying is, down in the cabin, that we've often shut the doors to keep it a secret. Well, he'd send down the champagne, and then Abbas's boat would creep up to Marmed's, and then he'd send down another bottle, and then we'd go along-side; and then another, and we'd go right a-head. I don't mean to say that we used to put the champagne in the boiler; but, you may depend upon it, it did more than the coals, and so it will, any day."

But here we must stop, adding only that a specific statement of the expenses of the whole tour, the names of the hotels and their charges, is appended, and will be found extremely useful by persons contemplating a similar trip.

Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America in 1849. By ROBERT BAIRD, A.M. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

EIGHTEEN months ago, Mr. BAIRD was advised by his medical attendant to take a trip to the West Indies in quest of health. He engaged a berth in one of the West India Steam Packet Company's steamers, and spent several months in visiting the various islands, remaining longer at Antigua than elsewhere. Thence he proceeded to North America, landing at Mobile, and taking an extensive tour—ascending the Mississippi and Ohio to Louisville, crossing to the Lakes, viewing Niagara, descending the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and then again entering the States, and going by the Hudson from Albany to New York, visiting Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston, whence he sailed again for England.

This is an extensive tour, but it was not so profitable an one as might have been expected from the distance travelled; at least, the volumes are more meagre of positive information than they might have been. Mr. BAIRD is not a shrewd observer; he reflects more than he sees, and this is not what the reader of a book of travels requires. It matters little what are the tourist's opinions about the men and things he meets with. We want his facts, and can form our own opinions upon them. Mr. BAIRD does not understand this, so he is perpetually moralizing, sermonizing and dogmatizing, interrupting the thread of his narrative, which is sufficiently lively and entertaining, with discourses upon the subject-matter. The few specimens which we can find room for will exhibit this propensity.

CUBA.

I am inclined to believe that Cuba would be a much better customer of England in the hands of our enterprising brethren of the New World, than she is at present in the hands of Spain; and I will without hesitation affirm, that the loss of Cuba would only be a just retribution—an act of retributive justice—suffered by Spain, not only for her cruelties to the aborigines, but also for the dishonourable manner in which she has made use of her possession of this island to evade the performance of her obligations to and with England in the matter of the slave-trade. There can be no doubt of the fact, that

during the last year the importation of slaves into the island of Cuba has been carried on in full vigour—so vigorously and extensively, that the price of slaves had fallen, in consequence of the plentiful supply, from four hundred and fifty or five hundred, to from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars. This fact is notorious, and I heard it authenticated by official authority. It is equally notorious in the island itself, that the agent of the Queen Mother of Spain was and is extensively engaged in the infamous traffic; and it is more than suspected that, directly or indirectly, his royal mistress is a large participant in the heavy gains her agent realises from this trade in human flesh. Indeed, the traffic is little short of being a legalised one.

WEST INDIAN ATMOSPHERE.

A single fact will better illustrate the clearness of the atmosphere, and the greater prominence and brilliancy of the stars consequent thereupon. Oft when in Antigua, and also in the other islands of the West Indian seas, have I observed and called attention to the fact, that, in certain positions of the planet Venus, she was seen under a crescent form like a small moon, and emitting or transmitting, in the absence of the moon herself, a quantity of light which made her by no means an insufficient substitute.

The following will remove some prevalent erroneous impressions as to the

CLIMATE OF THE WEST INDIES.

Of the general effects of the climate of the West Indies on a European, and particularly on one in delicate health, little need here be said. It is hot; but at the season of my visit, between February and June, not so hot as I had been led to anticipate from the representations of others. With proper precautions, no one who visits the West Indies solely on account of health (and who is therefore not under the necessity of exposing himself or herself often to the noonday sun) need make the heat any ground of serious objection. There is generally, if not always, a breeze which tempers the intensity of the sun's rays; and the only remark the writer deems it necessary to make on this subject is, that, after visiting nearly the whole of the islands of the West Indian Archipelago north of Barbados, his experience is, that there is much more chance of injury from disregarding the changes of the climate, and the occasional blasts and chills of evening, than of much discomfort being felt from excessive heat. In Barbados, and the islands to the north of it, the thermometer varies very greatly—ranging in the shade from a little above 70 to 110 degrees, and even sometimes higher—the variation being of course dependent on the comparative elevation, and also on the degree of exposure to the breeze from the sea. In Barbados there is no ground which can be characterized as mountainous, the highest elevation in that island being little above eleven hundred feet. But there is a sea-breeze generally prevalent, which greatly tempers the heat. In Antigua there are many situations of some elevation, where a delightful climate may be had; and the same remark applies even more strongly to Montserrat, Nevis, and St. Kitt's. The genial breezes and verdure of Santa Cruz have recommended it to the Americans and others as a place of sanitary resort; and in the noble mountains of Dominica, Martinique, and still more of Jamaica (the island of springs), may be found every degree of climate, from sultry to temperate, and even to cold. Everything, therefore, depends on the proper selection by the invalid of his place of retreat. In the course of my remarks, I shall have occasion to explain my reasons for affirming, that, many as are the invalids, and particularly those labouring under pulmonary complaints, who now occasionally visit the West Indies, there is not only far too great ignorance prevalent as to the superior advantages of these islands as places of sanitary retreat, but there is often much ignorance displayed in the selection of the particular island to which the patient goes or is sent. Meantime, however, I shall simply content myself with remarking, that while the subject is an important one, involving as it does the hopes of many a household, and the question of recovery or of nonrecovery of many a fair face and lovely form, there is provided by Providence in the great range of temperature to be found in the West Indian islands climates suitable for almost every stage and variety of pulmonary complaints.

But even after having made a good selection as regards the place of residence, the European, and especially the English visitor, should be somewhat prepared for meeting with various experiences which may offend his habits or militate against his comfort. Some one has before remarked, that comfort is a word which has a peculiarly English meaning as well as sound; and during a temporary residence in the West Indies the English visitor may be occasionally reminded of this fact. Not to speak of the comparatively open, desolate, and unfurnished appearance which some West India houses (and particularly most of the West India lodging-houses) have to an eye-straight from the closely fashioned and richly carpeted rooms of England, there are other differences to be enumerated, which have a tendency to offend at least the prejudices of the European traveller.

Now for a scrap of Natural History.

THE MONKEYS OF ST. KITT'S.

It is not easy to disabuse the negro of the conviction that the monkey is not endowed with powers of reason, similar, if not equal to those of a man. Sambo may not carry his views the length of maintaining that the monkey's refusal to make use of the gift of speech proceeds from the fear that, if he spoke, massa would set him to work; but on several occasions I have heard the negro and coloured boatmen ascribe to the monkey tribe powers of memory and of reason little short of human. Indeed it is difficult to hear such tales, oft repeated and seemingly authenticated, without admitting that this "caricature on humanity" trenches in some degree on man's "high prerogative" of reason. That the monkeys bury their dead in regularly prepared graves, and that they even attend to funeral processions and obsequies, as men do, is a statement I have oftentimes heard made, and attempted to be authenticated by the avowal that the asserter had seen them engaged in the "duty," as well as enforced by the argument that the dead body of a monkey is never seen in the woods. Another equally prevalent belief is, that if the tribe is offended in any way by a particular party, they will find out that particular person's ground, and under cloud of night root up his sweet potatoes, and otherwise despoil his possessions. At all events, one fact is well known, and it is this, that the gestures of an irate monkey are very much those of an angry man, and as emphatically, and by the same signs, indicate a hope and an intention of future revenge.

Here are some

NEGRO ANECDOTES.

In connexion with the earthquake of 1843, I heard an anecdote of a negro overseer, which displayed as much coolness, under circumstances of danger, as any story I ever heard. The earthquake made itself felt by repeated and successive shocks, or shakes, each of some minutes' duration, during which the earth heaved and seemed to reel, so that it was impossible to stand steady; and many lay down on the ground or floor till the shaking subsided.

During one of the lulls, which were marked by a deep stillness, the proprietor of one of the finest estates in the island rose up, and, as he graphically expressed it, "after steadying himself on his feet," went out to see what injury had been done by the antecedent shocks to the buildings of his sugar-works. On passing one of his cane-fields, he was surprised to find a band of negro girls hoeing canes, under the charge of a negro overseer, who accosted him coolly with the observation, "Bad shake that, Massa," and then turned round to one of the girls who (alarmed by the earthquake) was moving off to some place of imagined safety, "You, Miss Dina, you come here; you no 'top de shake, can you?"

To the person fresh from Europe, there is much information, as well as amusement, to be found in watching the peculiarities of the negro character. At least I found it so; and, without meaning to be an eulogiser of the negro and his capabilities, I must say I saw and heard much to satisfy me that the negro race is capable of advancing to a high position in intelligence and civilisation.

Popular sayings in common use among these descendants of the sons of Africa are oftentimes very amusing. "When cattle lose tail, who for brush fly?" is the common negro form for pointing out how essential one

person is to another: "Night no hab eye," is the apology for a negro woman's evening dishabille; and "When cock-roach gib dance, him no ask fowl," was the explanation given by a negro to a friend and myself, when charged by us with a breach of contract in not getting us an invitation to a "Dignity Ball."

Another,

It is said that many years ago, when an emigrant from the Emerald Isle was about to settle in Montserrat, he was surprised to find that the negro who was rowing him from the ship to the shore spoke with as pure a Milesian brogue as he did himself. Taking the negro for an Irishman, though a blackened one, and desirous of ascertaining the length of time that it took so thoroughly to tan the "human face divine," the Patlander addressed his supposed countryman with the question, "I say, Pat, how long time have you been out?" "Three months," was the astounding answer. "Three months!" ejaculated the astonished and alarmed son of Erin, "three months!" and as black as my hat already. Row me back to the ship. I wouldn't have my face *that black* for all the rum and sugar in the West Indies."

We conclude with Mr. BAIRD'S judicious and temperate estimate of

SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

As to the general tone of male and female society in America, in relation to mind and manners, I may have formed—nay, I did form—my own opinions in the different places I visited; and it is but fair to say, that from what I saw, these opinions could not be otherwise than highly favourable. But still I have not professed to give the reader any information on the subject. My stay was too short, and my opportunities for judging too limited, to permit of my arriving at any general conclusions on questions lying so far below the surface of society. As regards the national manners in America, all I feel justified in saying is, that in so far as I saw, the same principles of action prevail in private life, the same circumstances produce the same results, the same motives give rise to the same actions in America as in England; and that he or she who would be considered a lady or a gentleman in America, would be considered equally entitled to the distinction in England, and no more. In reference to the oft-quoted and much-caricatured peculiarities of our Transatlantic friends, I would say that I heard nothing of the alleged *general* use or misuse of words not in an Englishman's vocabulary, or of English words to mean things and ideas different from the things or ideas we would understand them to mean in Great Britain. No doubt, there are in the conversation, and even in the writings of some Americans, occasional uses of words which sound unwonted to the English ear; but in most cases it would be difficult to prove that the use so made of particular words or phrases was at variance with their etymological meaning and strict significance. Again, among the general travelling public of the United States, one frequently hears such words as "fix," "settle," "dander," "calculate," "guess," "reckon," &c., applied in a manner that is of course impossible to justify or defend. But the conversation in good society is as little interlarded with expletives, or with solecisms in language, as is the conversation of similar society in Great Britain; and sure I am, that, limited as was my stay in each place, I could point out domestic circles in Boston, and in several of the other cities of the American Union, where the use of the extraordinary words and sentences which many of my countrymen think to be ordinary characteristics of "Yankee phrase," would be viewed with as much surprise as they would be in the most courtly circles of queenly England. It is all very desirable to write agreeable, piquant, and readable books; but it is too bad to sacrifice truth at the shrine of effect, for the purpose of making them so.

Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy: a Summer Ramble. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. London: Parker. 1850.

MR. WELD is Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. Being one of the few fortunate Englishmen who have a *holiday*, he opened the map of Europe to look for a locality wherein

to spend it profitably. He had already explored many tracts of country, and he now resolved to visit Auvergne. It was early in the month of August that, having out-fitted with all necessary traveller's accoutrements and accommodations, Mr. WELD presented himself at the station of the South Eastern Railway to demand a ticket per first-class to Paris. The passage was a quick one, but not quite so quick as it is now. Having spent an agreeable day or two in that city, he took the rail again to Orleans and Bourges. Thence he found his way to Clermont, being then just thirty-three miles from Mont Dore, the principal *spa* of the Auvergne. These thirty-three miles were accomplished in a sluggish diligence over a hilly road; but the scenery being picturesque, the ride, though long, was not tedious. At Mont Dore, Mr. WELD spent his time most agreeably, with pleasant society, a charming country, first-rate table d'hôtes, good spirits and good health; distributing his hours between fishing, walking, *geologising* and botanising, as became the representative of the Science of England. Having stayed the allotted time, he left Mont Dore with regret and proceeded to Grenoble, visiting the Grande Chartreuse of course. He crossed the Alps by Mont Cenis and in due course reached Geneva.

In all this there is nothing very new, but there is something that gives to the narrative the air of novelty in the copiousness of information which Mr. WELD brought to the *business* of travelling. He had an object always, and therefore, he observed a great deal more of everything than they do who have no special purpose, and who wander about merely to be amused and to waste time away. Then Mr. WELD is of a remarkably joyous temperament, and looks at everything on the bright side, laughs at discomfort, flips his finger at care, can walk or ride, or feast or fast, or sleep in this room or that, and eat of almost every dish that is put before him, with cheerfulness and content; he does not claim the Englishman's prerogative of grumbling at whatever is not precisely to his taste or just like what he has been accustomed to. He can permit foreigners to have their own notions of things as well as ourselves, and is of opinion that they are as likely to be right—if it be a question of taste and not of truth—as we. Thus he has produced a very agreeable book which all will read with pleasure, many with profit, and which should certainly be studied by those who may contemplate going over the same ground during the coming tour-season. We can only afford two or three specimens at this book bearing time.

Mr. WELD is only the second traveller who has succeeded in accomplishing the

ASCENT OF THE GORGE DE CHAUFÉOUR.

For upwards of an hour did I worm my way through the dense woods, ascending gradually. The heat was exceedingly oppressive; and I willingly subscribed to M. Lecocq's opinion, which originated under circumstances similar to those in which I was situated, that the gorge derives its name of Chauféfour from Four Echauffé. When at length I emerged from the woods, I found myself on the side of the mountain, which rose almost vertically; fortunately, it was clothed with long grass, relieved by the pink crocus and dark blue iris: clinging to these by my hands, I pushed upwards; but the steepness was so great that I was obliged to pause every ten minutes to regain my breath. Thus I toiled for an hour and a half, enjoying as I ascended superb views of the extraordinary convulsed regions around me. The rocky spires, which seen from below assumed the form of de-

tached obelisks, now appeared like huge leaves, standing out at right angles from the mountain-side. Their height was prodigious; and some impended in so threatening a manner that it was difficult for philosophy to be heard in favour of the chances against their crashing downwards upon me. As I approached the mountain summit, the black precipices of basalt and breccia wore a most formidable appearance. Stern indeed was the wilderness that surrounded me. On each side rose two jagged peaks, between which I thought the col or passage of the mountain must be situated. The doubts which assailed me on this point were my chief trouble; for now that I had mastered so much, to abandon the undertaking would have been most vexatious. More than two hours had elapsed since I started, so that my horse was probably already journeying homewards; and to have followed him would have involved a walk of fourteen miles.

Dr. Johnson has said, that the traveller amidst such scenes as were now around me "has not the tranquillity but the horrors of solitude." The absence of sound has a particularly awing effect in high mountainous regions. Mighty monuments, wrecks of fair-formed nature, were heaped in chaotic confusion on all sides. The whirlwind should have roared amongst them; and yet all was silent as the grave. I strained my aching senses, expecting sounds to fill up the void. My panting breath seemed out of place amidst the breathless silence, and I more than once imagined that the terrible stillness was but the prelude of some great catastrophe.

Now stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, when we are least alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self.

I took out my glasses, and closely examined the precipices above and around me. Their height struck no fear into me; but I eagerly sought for some chasm which would permit me to climb them. There was no vestige of a path. An Indian would have been baffled to discover the trail of any being in these wilds. Marking some conspicuous objects in the long serrated ridges that crowned the mountain, I climbed cautiously upwards in their direction. Hopes and fears rapidly succeeded each other as I surmounted the dizzy heights. I knew that I must be near the top; and already I began to congratulate myself on my success, when I was stopped by a basaltic wall about twenty feet in height, so vertical and smooth as to render any attempt to surmount it utterly out of the question. I followed its base, trusting to find a break. It was really fearful to look down the long ridges of inclined strata, which dipped into dark abysses many hundreds of feet below me. My footing was now reduced to a ledge about six inches wide. The aspect of my fortunes began seriously to alarm me; and, to heighten the horrors of my position, the afternoon was rapidly fading into evening. At last I came to a spot where the wall retreated to a sharp angle, beyond which it presented a comparatively easy mode of ascent. I saw in a moment, that if I could turn this corner, I should be able to overcome apparently the sole remaining obstacle to my ascent of the Puy Ferrand.

I think that I must have spent fully ten minutes in devising and considering how I could best plant my feet and hands to effect this passage. When my mind was made up how to act, I withdrew my eyes from the precipice beneath, and, clinging to the sharp projections of the rock with vice-like tenacity, which were to me the "coigns of vantage," I wormed my way round the angle, and, in a few minutes, had the inexpressible satisfaction of standing on broad safe ground. Had the ribandlike ledge given way, I should never have lived to write this adventure. I have traversed many ugly places in the Alps and Pyrenees, where the mountains have been robed in ice and snow; but I do not remember any *mauvais pas* so terrific as that which I have described. M. Lecocq, in the extract from his work which I have printed, alludes to some such formidable obstacle; but he appears to have derived considerable assistance from trees and shrubs, neither of which existed at that part of the precipice which I traversed.

The remainder of the ascent was an easy affair in comparison to what I had accomplished. In two hours and three quarters from the time I left the verge of the forest, I stood on the summit of the Puy Ferrand, which is 6,094 feet high—an elevation but slightly under that of its neighbour, the Pic de Saney.

There is a great deal of comic power in this sketch of

A FRENCH QUACK.

By far the most amusing and drollest fellow of those who were candidates for the Auvergnats' patronage, was a quack dentist. He was mounted on a machine resembling a huge diligence, gaily painted, and lettered—"Le Célèbre Docteur et Dentiste Milarozo de Paris—Pour toutes les Départements." On a table before him rose a pyramid of teeth, flanked by specifics against toothache, contained in small phials. Two sets of steps led to his stage, beneath which were four fellows, who pumped every available breath out of their convulsed lungs into two trombones, a French horn, and a trumpet. At the ringing of a bell the ear-torturers ceased, and the quack commenced. His oratory was most effective. As he depicted the horrid agonies of tooth-ache, he held up to view long rows of carious teeth, with fangs of feline proportions, which he had wrenched from quivering jaws, and then declared that the purchase of one bottle—one only of his extraordinary liquid—would entirely prevent such aching tortures. Who could resist buying—and the price only one franc? A brisk sale followed. When customers fell off, he offered to extract their teeth gratuitously. There was a rush of peasants to his stage; old and young, men and women, flocked up his steps. One after another occupied his operating chair. Quick as lightning he whipped out a tooth, whether sound or diseased appeared to be a matter of perfect indifference to him. At every tug, when the unfortunate patient writhed with pain, the crowds roared with laughter. Then succeeded music, and another lively sale of bottles, to the comfort of the peasants and the profit of Monsieur Milarozo; who, with his ready wit and dexterous hands, reminded me strongly of the famous quicksilver doctor in Schiller's *Robbers*.

The complete fishing apparatus which Englishmen carry is always a source of admiration to foreigners, whose machinery is of the clumsiest kind. So it was with Mr. WELD. He was a *sight* in Auvergne, and people went to see his *fishings* much as we go to see a cricket match.

AN ANGLER IN AUVERGNE.

As we approached the sedge shores of the lonely mere, we desisted fishermen setting nets, a sight far from agreeable to an angler with the artificial fly. We rode round the lake to the scene of their operations, and as we reached the spot they ran their skiff into a little sandy creek and landed. They were two sturdy Auvergnats—amphibious, fishy-looking fellows, with wild streaming locks, and garments fringed with slimy weeds.

Though conversing with each other in *patois*, one was sufficiently learned in purer French to maintain a conversation with me. To him I expressed my intention of fishing with an artificial fly. I might as well, however, have said with an elephant, for he utterly ignored such a mode of angling. Both men manifested great curiosity whilst I was putting my rod together, and when they saw the flies nothing could exceed their astonishment. To catch trout with such affairs appeared to them so utterly impossible, that they shook their heads incredulously at the very idea. One went in quest of worms and grasshoppers to place on the hooks, while the other proffered corks to serve as floats, that I might know when the fish bit.

It was evident the trout were wholly unaccustomed to the fascinations of an artificial fly, and it was doubtful whether they would rise at all to one. The water was rather dark, and, observing the *Cryptis* and *Phryganea* flies on the shores of the lake, I put up their imitations, which are known to anglers under the names of Orange and Cinnamon flies. This done, one of the fishermen undertook to row me in his skiff to that part of the lake which had not been disturbed by the nets. Two of my French friends accompanied me; there was no room in the tiny boat for a more numerous cargo.

We paddled out to the centre of the lake, and, allowing the boat to drift shorewards, I cast my flies on the water. "Devouring Ephemerals!" said I, in the words of Christopher North, addressing the scaly inhabitants of the crystalline caves beneath, "here be insects savoury exceedingly, carrying sauce piquante in their tails. Do try the taste of this bobber; but either of

the two you please." There was a crisp curl on the lake, and the flies moved on the water with life-like resemblance. At the third cast—there is luck in odd numbers—I rose a fish; all doubts were removed; the trout were, like their British brethren, capable of being lured by English flies. The eyes of all in the boat were now on me. "Do you see," said I to my friends, "that little islet of floating weeds? Well, if I am not greatly mistaken, you will see a trout rise near it." I swept the line round my head and brought my flies light as a feather on the lake. The waters were severed by a silverlike wedge, that came shooting upwards; a movement of the wrist—indescribable, and only to be acquired by practice—riveted the fish to my line, and, in a couple of minutes, the trout—for it was one—was caged in my landing-net. "C'est étonnant!" said one of the French gentlemen. "Sacré nom de D—!" exclaimed the fisherman: "d'attraper une truite comme ça avec rien!" for the feathery dressings of the hook went for nothing with him. My capture, however, was not large; in certain English waters he would have been speedily restored to his element, for he hardly weighed one pound. Here he was deemed fully entitled to the honour of promotion to Madame Bertrand's table d'hôte; where he and certain of his brethren duly appeared, to their great renown, and the entire satisfaction of the guests.

Not many minutes elapsed ere I caught a second trout, about the same size as the first; and I was becoming keenly interested in my sport, when, looking up, I beheld a large cascade of ladies and gentlemen on the opposite shore, who had ridden from Mont Dore to witness my operations. They hailed the boat, and requested us to row to them. We did so, and landed among them. Highly amusing it was to hear the descriptions given by my companions of the *modus operandi* of fly-fishing. If laid down as laws, they would not a little amaze members of the famous angling-clubs in the vicinity of London.

We conclude with some useful information to tourists contemplating a similar excursion.

COSTS.

As it is possible that among my readers there may be some disposed to follow the route along which these pages have carried them in imagination, I consider they will be pleased to know that the tour, which I need hardly say is capable of yielding great enjoyment, will be found considerably less expensive than travelling in Switzerland or Germany. That is, provided the tourist does not indulge in ptarmigan and champagne dinners, and is content to rough it now and then. And, as the lights of experience are valuable guides, I may add, that in our case, always patronizing the first-class hotels (for I hold it to be bad policy to resort to others), dining at tables-d'hôte, and not breaking through the excellent country custom of allowing the payment of servants to be included in the bill, our total expenses amounted to twenty-six shillings a day. A solitary traveller would spend somewhat more than half this sum daily; for, as is well known, there is always a saving by having a companion during a tour.

An Arctic Voyage to Baffin's Bay, and Lancaster Sound in search of Friends with Sir John Franklin. By ROBERT ANSTRUTHER GOODSIR, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. London: Van Voorst. 1850.

MR. GOODSIR's brother was one of the ill-fated party who accompanied Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. When fears first began to be entertained for their safety, Mr. GOODSIR obtained permission to embark in "The Advice," whaler, as surgeon, in hope to find some traces of the missing navigators, or to suggest from observation of the localities the most probable direction for seeking them. He sailed in March of last year, and returned in November, and the narrative of his voyage occupies the little volume upon our table.

It forms, in fact, an interesting description of the whale fishery in the Arctic regions, and includes some graphic descriptions of Arctic

scenery, and of the natural phenomena, that appear the more wonderful from their strangeness. As a scientific man, he is enabled to turn his observations to account by looking beyond appearances to causes, and much that would have escaped the notice of the class of persons who are the usual wanderers into those regions has been noticed by him and will add some valuable items to our knowledge of natural history and meteorology. And he throws in occasional reflections, not out of place when treating of so suggestive a theme, and they are always sensible.

His descriptions will be at once recognized by all who have visited the very beautiful Panorama of the Arctic Regions, now exhibiting in Leicester-square. Here, for instance, is a sketch of

POLAR SCENERY.

It was a dead calm, and the very cliffs in shore were seen mirrored on the water, the glassy smoothness of which was unbroken except by the plashing of the oars from the long line of boats ahead of each of the ships. The transparency of the atmosphere was such as can only be conceived by those who have visited Arctic countries, and the whole scene was one that it would be difficult to forget, the more so since it was here we saw one of the most beautiful icebergs of the many it was our fortune to observe during the voyage. It was of immense size. The south side, on which we advanced towards it was almost perpendicular, as if a recent split had taken place; but on rounding the corner and coming abreast of the west side, which we did almost within arm's-length, we found it to be wrought into ledges,—ledge above ledge, each festooned with a fringe of crystal icicles, which here and there reaching the ledge beneath, formed columns slender as those of a Saracenic mosque; within them ran a gallery green as emerald. Two or three tiny cascades were tinkling from ledge to ledge, and fell with a soft splash in the water beneath, sending the pearl-like bubbles dancing from them over the smooth surface. All was glancing and glittering beneath a bright sun, and if I had had it in my power I could have stood for hours to gaze at it. Passing the corner, the north side was seen to be cut into two deep little bays with sloping shores, a long point running out between them. The lowest ledge of the west side rounded the corner and inclined down towards the nearest bay, if so it may be called, and ending in a broad platform. This little bay seemed so snug, and lay so beautifully to the sun, that, unnatural as it may appear, one could not help fancying it,—as a fit site for a pretty cottage.

Very spirited is his account of

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

A fish was seen beside the ice at no great distance from us, but beyond a "fair start." I have noticed a peculiarity about the whale, that if there is a piece of ice within sight it will run towards it, and come to the surface beside it. And when beside a floe it always rises beside its edge, and never appears at any distance from it. And, moreover, if there should be a crack or bight in the floe, it is ten chances to one it will rise to blow in it, in preference to the outer edge of the floe. This is well known to the whalers. Such a crack being now opposite to us, and at such a distance from where the whale was last seen, it was likely she would rise there next, and we pulled towards it. Here we lay for some minutes in breathless expectation, our oars out of the water, and the harpooner silently motioning with his hand to the boat-steerer which way to "scull." Up in the very head of the crack the water was now seen to be circling and gurgling up, "there's her eddy," quietly whispers our harpooner: "a couple of strokes now, boys,—gently,—that'll do." Looking over my shoulder, I could see first the crown, then the great black back of the unsuspecting whale, slowly emerge from the water, contrasting strangely with the bright white and blue of the ice on each side—then followed the indescribable hurstling roar of her blast. But short breathing-time had she—for, with sure aim and single tug of his trigger-string, the keen iron was sent deep in behind her fin. "Harden-up, boys!" he cries; and the boat is pulled right on to the whale, when he plunges the

hand-harpoon deep into her back, with two hearty digs. The poor brute quivered throughout, and for a second or two lay almost motionless; then diving, and that with such rapidly increasing speed that the line was whirled out of the boat like lightning. The usual signals were now made to the other boats that we were "fast."

For the first few minutes the lines were allowed to run out without interruption; then one, two, three turns, were successively thrown round the "bollard." This had the effect of stopping her speed somewhat, but the line still ran out with a great strain. The boat's bow was forcibly pressed against the ice, and crushed through the underwashed ledge, to the solid floe beyond; the harpooner sitting upon his "thwart," allowing the lines to run through his hands, which were defended by thick mitts; stopping the progress of the fish as much as he could, as the rest of the boats were still some distance from us. Every few minutes the fish seeming to start off as with renewed strength, the boat's bow would be pulled downwards, threatening to pull us bodily under the floe; but then allowing the line to run out, the strain was partly removed and the boat's head again rose, but only to be again dragged downwards. Upwards of twenty minutes had elapsed since we had "got fast," and the strain now began to slacken; but it was full time, we were drawing nigh the "bitter end." The welcome sound of a gun was heard; and in a few seconds, looking down the edge of the floe, we could see one of our boats, with the well-known blue "Jack" flying. A few fathoms more of line were rapidly drawn out, and then the strain as suddenly ceased. We commenced hauling them in, and whilst doing so could see a third boat "get fast." The rest of the boats were now at hand, and as she appeared at the surface closely surrounded her, and busily piled her with their lances. It was in about an hour and a half from the time we first struck her that we heard the distant cheers announcing her death.

And what more vivid than the following description of

THE ICE-FLOES.

Pushing our way slowly northward, we now began to see immense fields of ice, of a dead unbroken level, often as far as the eye could reach, sometimes sparkling with a bright and blinding glare in the sun, but as often lying outstretched beneath rolling volumes of thick mist. We would be now progressing rapidly under a press of sail in almost open water, in a short time afterwards closely beset by ice, without a pool within sight for miles around. The rapidity with which the scene thus sometimes changed was sometimes very extraordinary. To an inexperienced eye there would be no appearance of an immediate stoppage, but soon the water about us could be seen to be rapidly narrowing, and frequently we were scarcely secure in a dock ere the concussion would take place, and the floes were grinding and crushing against one another with the most irresistible force. It was a strange feeling to stand beside the place where such forces were in operation. It seemed like a trial of strength between the opposing floes, the hollow grinding noise under one's feet booming lower and lower in the distance. It was as if one was standing over the site of an earthquake. The ponderous ice, trembling and slowly rising, would rend and rift with a sullen roar, and huge masses, hundreds of tons in weight, would be heaved up, one above the other, until, where it was before a level, an immense rampart of angular blocks became piled.

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

One might almost think that the poet of the "Seasons" had witnessed such a scene. Great misshapen columns, like those of Stonehenge, are not unfrequently seen reared on end on the top of these ramparts, poised so delicately, that a slight touch will send them thundering down on either side. When the pressure is lessening and "taking off," the hollow grinding noise becomes sharper and shriller, and the smaller fragments are seen slipping down between the larger; then the topmost heavy blocks are, one by one, launched into the chasm, which slowly widens, and opens up, showing a long lane of water, edged on each side by a wall of ice, formed of the pieces which have been upheaved on to the floe during the pressure.

There is poetry in the picture of

A POLAR MIDNIGHT.

We pulled back again towards our former station. By this time we scarcely knew whether it was night or day. We had a sort of idea that we had been a night and a day away from the ship, but of that we were not certain. We had made repeated attacks upon the biscuits and canister of preserved meats; but although the appetites of steady-living people at home are pretty fair time-keepers, we found ours of little use in that way here.

I suspected it was again night, but I could scarcely think it possible, the time seemed to have passed so rapidly. But there was a stillness about the air that must have struck every one as peculiar to the dead hour of the night; and although I have noticed it in far different situations, it never struck me so forcibly as it did here. The light passing breezes and cats' paws which had dimpled the water for some hours back had died away. It was now so calm that a feather dropped from the hand fell plumb into the sea. But it was the dead stillness of the air which was so peculiar. No hum of insect, none of the other pleasant sounds which betoken it is day and that Nature is awake, can be expected here even at mid-day in the height of summer twenty miles from land, and that land far within the Arctic circle, where, if one may say so, a third of the year is one long continuous day. Yet there is a most perceptible difference; there is a stir in the air around, a sort of *silent music* heard during day which is dumb during night. Is it not strange that the deep stillness of the dead hour of night should be as peculiar to the solitude of the icy seas as to the centre of the vast city?

What must be the toil of

TRAVEL THROUGH THE ICE.

During the whole of the month of June were we thus tediously working our way through this tiresome barrier of ice, now lying for days together fast bound in a dock, now advancing perhaps for a few miles, by dint of laboriously heaving with windlass and capstans on warps and ice-claws taken out ahead. Some days we could get on briskly enough, alternately tracking and towing, according to the state of the ice; the former being done by all the men on the floe, dragging the ship forwards by a rope attached to the foremast, and the latter by all the boats towing ahead. Every slack of the ice was taken advantage of, and no opportunity was lost of getting forwards for however short a distance. I thought it was desperately hard work for the men, but was informed that it was trifling to what it is some years when they have to track and tow often for days and nights together, frequently dragging their ship after them in this way for five or six hundred miles, and that when sinking over the instep into the snow, which covers the rugged surface of the floe.

FICTION.

The Armourer's Daughter, or the Border Riders. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

THE Historical Romance has most tempting attractions for a young writer. It supplies a ready theme, it furnishes a large proportion of his characters, it commands a certain amount of interest, it admits of a very considerable latitude for the imagination, it saves him from being tried by the test of his readers' personal experience and observation. Above all, there is a model by which he may mould his composition—a sort of conventional framework of which he presumes he may avail himself, and which he probably supposes to be essential to his purpose. His first care is to select an era when the times were troublous, so as to admit of a variety of scenery and incident. Then he must choose some famous historical personage to be his hero, or at least to fill a prominent place in the story. Then, there must be two hostile parties, or countries, to one of which the hero belongs, and to the

other the heroine, and who of course fall in love with each other precisely because they ought not to do so, and there are the greatest difficulties in the way of an union. But to bring about all impossible and improbable things requisite for surprises and for the ultimate issue, a dwarf, or a hunchback, or a gipsy, or a mad woman, is indispensable, and whichever of them is preferred must also be attached to one of the faction, while his or her powers are regularly opposed by the powers of some similar monster of precisely the opposite qualities attached to the other side. By duly playing these puppets, and with the help of some subordinates, it is very easy to construct a fiction which may be termed an Historical Romance, and perhaps pass for such at the Circulating Libraries.

But, in truth, this form of fiction, to deserve the name, is a work of extreme difficulty and demanding the very highest dramatic genius. If any proof were wanting, it would be found in the fact, that of all the countless imitators of SCOTT, only three or four have attained even a temporary reputation, and even they are not likely to be remembered when they have ceased to write. A true Historical Romance should revive the times and places and personages that have passed away, summon them before our mental vision as they were, make them speak and act as they spoke and acted in life. But how few have accomplished this. All whom we can remember, with the exception of SCOTT, JAMES in two or three of his earliest and best novels, before he had written himself out, and ATHERSTONE, in his *Sea Kings in England*, have merely called up the shapes of the men of the past, but have made them think the thoughts, and speak the language, and be impelled by the motives, that belong to the present. The writers were either ignorant of what the spirit of the past was, or they wanted the capacity to reproduce it, and therefore were their personages only puppets, stiffly and unnaturally spouting the ideas of the nineteenth century, as reflected in the mind of their artificer. This is not Historical Romance, but only a mimicry of it.

Nevertheless, even such a fiction is preferable to an indifferent domestic or fashionable novel, which is not true to any nature that ever was or will be. From the Historical Romance something is always to be learned, unless the writer too grossly neglected his duty in the way of antiquarian lore. It is usually a tolerably correct picture of external things, as dress, and manners, and modes of life. We are, therefore, always ready to give it a cordial welcome, and unless it be really intolerable as a composition, to commend it to readers in preference to bad novels of another class.

The Armourer's Daughter is one of those Historical Romances which exhibit precisely the defects and recommendations that belong to the class. The form of history is taken without the spirit. The author has not brought the times of old before him as they were, but he throws himself back into those times, still preserving his own individuality. "The voice is JACOB'S voice." He has laid the scene at the close of the fifteenth century; his hero is no less romantic a personage than PERKIN WARBECK. The materials for a stirring story are abundantly supplied by the facts of history, and the author has not been slow to weave them into his plot, which is ingenious and interesting; but he wants the dramatic faculty

that would enable him to throw off himself, to be for a time the persons he is describing, and think as they would have thought, speak as they would have spoken, and represent them as doing what they would have done. He is fluent always, often eloquent; his powers of description are considerable, and he does not linger by the way in the telling of his story, as do some of his contemporaries. He appears to have read up diligently at the British Museum for his *properties*—to use an apt technical phrase of the stage—so that, although we cannot place him in the first or even the second rank of novelists, we can say of him that his *Armourer's Daughter* is better than the average of historical romances, and will doubtless be read and approved by the less fastidious patrons of the Circulating Libraries. E. W. C.

Anne Dysart; a Story of Every-Day Life. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

THE portraiture of middle-class life is, of all others, the most difficult, the boldest, and the most rarely successful enterprise of the novelist. The reason is plain. We are wont to mistake the common for the common-place; we look for romance out of our own circle into that above or below us, because there the imagination may disport itself, and we can create ideals without having their cloudy shapes dispersed by contact with the surrounding hard realities. There is difficulty in reconciling the reader to the anticipation of an exciting interest in personages so familiar to him; it is equally difficult for the author to pursue his purpose steadfastly, without permitting himself to be tempted to trespass out of the beaten track of real life into the region of romance. It demands uncommon courage to attempt this class of fiction, for it has to struggle against a prejudice prevailing among the best patrons of the circulating libraries in favour of very high life, with its vanities, or very low life, with its excitements of adventure and crime, and it can only win its way by the quiet and slow, but sure, commendation of itself to the few who first read and approve and then recommend it to others. And that it is rarely successful is proved by the paucity of painters of real domestic middle-class life who have attained to reputation—Miss AUSTIN, the Author of *The Inheritance*, and Mrs. MARSH, being the only English novelists of deserved note in this department of fiction.

To that small but distinguished circle of painters of domestic every-day life we have now to add the Authoress of *Anne Dysart*, who is inferior to neither of them in the power of truthfully depicting in form, and aspect, and tone, and manner, and mind, the personages who are at this moment moving and acting around us, and who represent a considerable and important section of this our Great Britain of the nineteenth century. And certainly never by any modern writer at home, and only by Miss BREMER abroad, has character been so sharply, distinctly and vividly portrayed as in the remarkable fiction before us. Its personages stand out, every one of them, upon the canvass, as clearly rounded and defined and individualized as if, instead of being merely pen and ink sketches, real men and women had been taken from our dwellings and put into frames to form *tableaux vivants*. When the reader closes the book, it is not to forget it, or the personages he has been there introduced to. He could not do that, if he would: they have stamped themselves indelibly upon his

memory, where they remain among the actual experiences of the past, precisely as if they were beings whom he had seen, talked to, intimately known—distinct in form, feature, and dress. Who can ever again forget the starched, pinched, miserly Mrs. NAT. WILSON; or the clever family of the GREYS; or the pompous young lawyer, with his fine phrases and idealess sentences; or Mr. BOLTON—so abrupt, so plain-spoken, so seemingly morose, because so unconventional, and yet so kind and so good; or the impetuous, high-spirited FRANK DYSART; or BARBARA, with her lofty intellect and those fine feelings glowing in that sickly and ill-shaped form; and, above all, that masterly creation, *Eleanor Greame*, which might challenge comparison, for originality of conception and yet perfect truthfulness to nature, combined with astonishing skill in the development, with any character in any novel in our language. Such beings—all mind and sentiment, but with no heart—all glitter, but no substantial worth—all fair without, but false within—are, in this world, and are found in society of the middle and upper ranks more frequently than might be supposed by merely superficial observers. But to draw such an one faithfully, without offending probabilities, is a task which we should have pronounced to be impossible, had we not seen it here done, with an ease, a truth to nature a propriety, a finished minuteness, that leaves nothing wanting to the perfect accuracy of a portrait, such as we have not seen for many a day, and which, of itself, will at once place the authoress of *Anne Dysart* in the very first rank of our living novelists.

The story, too, is deeply interesting. As we hope every one of our readers will procure and peruse it, we will not anticipate their pleasure in gathering its plot from its pages. Although avowedly a story of every-day life, so ingeniously are the events interwoven, that the attention is fixed before twenty pages are read, and then it is difficult to lay it down, for there is no portion that is dull, or that permits of being *skipped*; no long and tedious dialogues interrupt the progress of the narrative, for wherever they are introduced it is only to help it forward.

The *tone* throughout is that of vigorous common sense. It is a right wholesome book: its teachings are all sound, its tendencies everywhere are to good. The youngest person may read it with certainty of being improved by it in mind and morals.

Viewed as a composition, it commends itself unusually to the critical eye. There are none of the wonted faults of first works. We have not found a single scrap of cloudy sentiment, or one attempt at *fine writing*, from the beginning to the end. The style is vigorous, forcible, chaste, and pure; remarkably *pictorial*, whether persons or places are described.

That our literature has found an important and valuable acquisition in the authoress of *Anne Dysart*, will be doubted by none who read it. If such is the *first* production of that pen, what may not be anticipated from the maturity of its powers? Even here there is manifest improvement as the work proceeded. The only faults are at the very beginning, in a slight tendency to over-colouring, and the choice of a somewhat hackneyed incident for the introduction of one of the most prominent personages. But these faults entirely disappear as the work advances, proving that the writer did not know the extent of her own powers until she came to develop them in exercise, and the second and

third volumes may vie with any in our language for freedom from faults.

Thus conscientiously deeming of *Anne Dysart* and its accomplished author, we shall look forward with anxious interest for the next production of her pen, and we heartily recommend every reader, even those who may not be habitual novel readers, to peruse this one, and sure we are that there is not one of them who will not, when he has read it, thank us for having suggested to him so much pleasure and profit as he will find in it.

And we can as confidently assure the circulating libraries that they may safely venture to place *Anne Dysart* upon their shelves; secure, that when once its merits are known it will never rest there. Every borrower will be sure to recommend it to all of his or her friends.

As specimens of the style only we extract a few passages; but the quality of a novel, as our readers must be aware, is ill shown by scraps, for its merit consists in its perfection as a whole.

Here is a very powerful scene, and wonderfully true to nature:

She blushed deeply and angrily. "And what title have you to pry thus into my actions?" "None, certainly—except what you have given me. You asked how you had offended me, and I am replying to your question at your own especial request. You also did me the honour to call me your friend—an honour which I have coveted beyond all others. But (pardon my seeming harshness, it proceeds from no want of feeling for you, but the reverse,) you cannot be my friend unless I know that, beyond a doubt, you are sincere." Now, there lived not the human being from whom Eleanor could have listened to such words as she had just heard from Frank; but, in his presence, so great was the ascendancy he had acquired over her, she was no longer herself. Never had she been so sensible as at this moment of the fascination he possessed for her. She felt that she could not let him go. Wealth, rank, consequence—the gods she had honoured—were within her attainment; but at this instant she contemplated the possibility—just the *possibility*—that they might be resigned. "You are unkind, Frank," she said, in tones softer and more winning than he had ever heard her use. "I did not think you would have been angry with my omitting to ask you to a stupid party. They were all stately, tiresome, stupid people—not like you; and I have often heard you say you did not care for such society." "Nor do I—nor am I so absurd as to imagine that you are to invite me to all your parties; but why did you tell me you were going to a concert?" Eleanor coloured and hesitated—her ease of manner had completely forsaken her. "I—I felt at the time a foolish awkwardness—I have not been brought up so strictly as you have. An untruth—and I confess I am guilty—such an untruth in my educational code was called politeness." "If I could be convinced of this: but circumstances seem to point to a deeper motive." Eleanor became more and more confused. Without looking at Frank, she inquired in a low voice, "What motive?" After a pause, and colouring with embarrassment, he replied, "The world, Miss Greame, say you are to marry Mr. Hall, and when you are early of a morning denied to all other guests, and when you make a party for him, and tell me you are going to a concert, it seems to give a colour of truth to the report, and to furnish some motive for your—your disingenuousness." Eleanor flushed high, but this time with anger. "And if I am going to marry Mr. Hall, am I bound to tell you? Because I have admitted you to my friendship, does it give you a right to question me in my most private affairs, and find fault with my conduct. Who are you, sir—to think of such a thing?" "Who am I, madam," he said, bitterly, "I am nobody—a poor student, without wealth, or name, or station. You are rich—beautiful, fashionable. I perceive now the great gulf there is between us. You have taught me my place. I thank you, madam, for the lesson. I shall not forget that I am nobody." Again her feelings underwent a revolution. "You do me injustice—bitter injustice. Oh,

Frank! when have I treated you as nobody in word or deed? Have I not distinguished you above all my acquaintances? Had you been a duke or a millionaire could my conduct have been more respectful? Have I not always treated you as an equal and dear friend? Could I with propriety have shown you more attention?" She spoke with energy, and looked eagerly towards him. He answered with dejection, but emphatically, "Had you shown me less, Eleanor, perhaps it would have been kinder." Eleanor's cheek burned at the selfishness of her conduct flashed upon her mind. Impulsively she exclaimed, "Oh, Frank! I am not engaged to Mr. Hall." And as she spoke, she wept. As if struck by an electric shock, Frank started from the fixed attitude he had hitherto preserved. "Eleanor," he cried, "Eleanor, forgive me for all I have said—I hate myself for my harshness to you. Forgive me, I entreat, and listen to me now, and decide, and—whatever may be your decision, I blame you not—only forgive me. Eleanor, you know I love you, but you do not know how well. From the first hour I saw you, my heart has worshipped you—I have thought of you alone—I did not know then that you were rich. Were it not for your own sake, would that you had not been! I might then have worked for you—toiled for you—showed you how I loved you. But I could show you yet; keep all your wealth—I ask not one fraction of that, but let me hope that one day you will be mine, and I will labour and strive to win distinction and a name for you—or—die. And I can do it, Eleanor. I feel it within me—you will bid me hope. Oh, Eleanor! you know I am disinterested—you know I love you for yourself alone." Frank was right. She knew he loved her; but never till then had she conceived so deep and fervent a passion. She was deeply penetrated by being the object of it. Unable to reply, she merely raised her countenance for a second. But that momentary glance caused Frank hastily to seat himself beside her. "Eleanor!" he said, "you must believe me!" She looked at him—at his manly, glowing countenance—at his deep blue eyes, so full of love and truth. The world vanished from her gaze. She stretched out her hand. "One word," he said, as he pressed it between both of his. "Dear Frank," she answered—and "Dearest Eleanor," he rejoined, as he drew her towards him, "my dear, generous love. Oh, how can I thank you?" "Stay by me, Frank, and keep me from my temptations. I am not so good as you. I feel now that my true happiness and true safety are in your love alone."

The remainder of this interview lasted at least two hours. How they passed the lovers hardly knew. They were rapt in a state of bliss, delicious beyond all expression. They were conscious only of the joy of each separate moment, and thought neither of the past nor the future. They parted with an agreement to meet the next day but one. Eleanor was engaged to spend all the following day at the house of Sir Kenneth —, who lived a few miles out of town. Sir Kenneth was the brother of Lady Linburn. "Are you to meet Mr. Hall?" Frank inquired with a laugh. Eleanor replied with a smile—the same arch smile which of old had bewitched his heart, and which had lost none of its fascination.

There is power and pathos in this picture of ANNE'S extremity of distress.

It was two o'clock ere Anne had completed the shirt. The hunger she felt was beginning to be intolerable. She could hardly conceal what she suffered from Frank. She hurried on her bonnet and shawl, eager to obtain the shilling which was to be the wages of nearly two days' labour. How much she expected from that shilling! How she longed for but one morsel of food. She was literally famishing. It was a very disagreeable afternoon. There had been frost and snow for some days; but to-day it had become fresh. The thaw, however, was not complete—only sufficient to make the streets run like rivers, whilst a layer of ice beneath the wet, made them slippery as before. There were heaps of dirty half melted snow in every direction, and the houses were wetted and blackened with the overflowing of the spouts. It was, for the present, fair over head; but a lowering, leaden sky, and a cold, damp wind, which blew up in little gusts, seemed to prognosticate a speedy fall, probably of wetish snow, as it appeared hardly mild enough for rain. Anne walked as fast as she could, in the direction of the shirt-shop. She was

frequently, however, obliged to stop and lean against the railings as she felt faint from want of food, and her limbs almost refused to sustain her. She had a long way to go; but, at last, almost completely exhausted, she reached her destination. She was kept waiting a long time. At last a man took her work from her to inspect it. In a few minutes he returned it to her, telling her that it was neatly sewed, but that some of the gussets had been made too small, that the sleeves were wrong put in, and that she must take the shirt back to rectify these mistakes. It was in vain that Anne pleaded that she had obeyed exactly the directions which had been given her. The man replied, crossly, that the fault was her own, that she must have made the mistake, and that if she refused to repair it, he must discontinue employing her. Poor Anne looked despairingly at the work; but she was not formed for contention. There was no redress. In faltering accents, and with a beating heart, she began to prefer a request that the shilling, which was due to her for making the shirt, might be paid to her then. "Nonsense," said her auditor, when he began to comprehend the drift of her petition, "Nonsense, my good girl! We make a rule never to pay in advance. Bring back your work to-morrow morning, and you shall have your due." Anne made a faint remonstrance. He added, sharply: "Don't be unreasonable. Suppose I were to pay you now—how do I know you would ever return. I am answerable to my employer. Come, be off with you, and don't be troublesome." And he turned away, unobservant of the piteous, beseeching glance, which the famishing, despairing girl cast upon him. Slowly rising, and folding up the returned work, she feebly left the shop, and endeavoured to support her failing strength by holding by the railings and lamp-post, as she dragged herself along. Sometimes she sat down on the damp door-steps to recruit her exhausted powers. The hunger she endured was now almost maddening; there was at her stomach an intolerable burning agony. Her brain seemed on fire; she feared she might become delirious. Out of one, as she stood devouring with her eyes the loaves in the window, came a respectably dressed woman and child, each of whom was eating a roll. The intense cravings of hunger overcame Anne's natural diffidence, and sense of shame. She looked longingly at the bread, and whispered, "A morsel—a single morsel." "I never give anything to beggars," said the woman, coldly, and seizing the child by the hand, passed on. A beggar! she was, then, a beggar. Again she moved on. She was passing the door of a shop in Princes-street when two ladies came out, and entered a carriage which was waiting for them. They were attended by a footman, who held an umbrella over their heads, for it had now begun to snow, and were warmly clad in velvet and furs. The carriage seemed luxurious in the highest degree. "I hope, my love, the damp wont give you cold," said the elder lady to her companion. "Wrap your cloak well round you." "How very tiresome of it to snow!" cried the young lady fretfully. "Something horrid is always happening." A man now came out of the shop. "I beg pardon, ma'am, but I have forgotten to take down your address." "Mrs. Dysart, Moray-place." Anne started back at the sound of the name. She had then seen her aunt and cousin. Bitter feelings arose in her mind as she thought of the contrast between their situations and hers—they rolling in wealth and luxury, and she, literally dying of hunger and cold. Her breast swelled at the recollection of their inhuman treatment of her warm-hearted and generous, though erring brother; and she thought—"Was this noble creature to fall a sacrifice to their unnatural cruelty?" This idea, and that of her utter helplessness, almost drove her mad. She was not now very far from home; but she was distracted at the idea of returning to Frank, so miserable and so hopeless. Her physical powers seemed entirely to give way; her limbs sank under her; a mist spread itself before her eyes; she sat down among the snow upon a step by a shop-door as she thought, to die. Her heart was torn with anguish, and now that it seemed impossible, was possessed with a yearning desire once more to see her beloved brother. All around her, within and without, was darkness—all was despair, save one little cry alone, which, in this, her hour of utmost need, arose from the depths of her stricken soul to Him who had suffered and died for all human mourners. Gradually a sort of

apathy began to steal over her: the streets, the houses, the carriages, the morning crowd, seemed unreal and unsubstantial. It was as if the world and life had begun to fade away from her for ever. She sat thus, when she seemed to hear her own name pronounced in a hoarse agitated tone. Supposing, however, that it must be the effect of fancy, she gave no heed. Again, however, it was repeated, "Miss Dysart—dear Miss, Dysart!" said the same voice, which, though she did not recognize it, seemed not altogether unfamiliar. She looked; but there was such a mist before her eyes that she could but dimly discern a tall dark figure. She tried to inquire who it was that addressed her; but the words died on her lips.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his Daughter. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

BARTON the author does not bear a very close resemblance to BARTON the Quaker. There was a kindliness and devotion in the man which we respect. The verses, also, contain some gentle sentiments, but in general they are too ascetic. But neither BARTON's life nor productions contained Poetry. Pettiness is predominant. The undue expansion of trifles is everywhere seen. Given a truth of the commonest acceptation and of the smallest import, under how many words is it possible to conceal it—with how many sentences is it possible to envelope it? This problem seems ever to have been present to BARTON's mind. Each of his pieces is only an effort to work out the solution. And, judging his productions thus, it is easy to understand why he wished everybody to write verses and publish them, and why he praised all alike, irrespective of their merit, and irrespective of the sense they contained.

If BARTON's verses have a purpose it is to make mankind dissatisfied with their lot. They are constantly harping upon the terrors of futurity. We are all evil according to BERNARD BARTON. God and man are mutual enemies, until reconciled by the ascetic power of which BARTON describes so often. We cannot be saved but by enthralling the mind with a perpetual sense of its degradation. It certainly is astonishing how the world has been imposed upon so long by the "old bogies" which have been made for it. We hardly know which has been the most mischievous—the fanatic or the unbeliever.

Happily, the style of writing which religious sects favoured in BARTON's case is becoming obsolete. We hope it is a sign that the numbers of the credulous and ignorant are decreasing. None others could be imposed upon by the jargon of such as BARTON. Tales of terror may frighten children of large growth, but only those who lack strength of intellect to know their unworthiness. Happily, the threat of the "black man coming" is almost banished, even from the nursery.

The sentiment of the following piece has sorely puzzled us. Does BARTON mean to imply that Satan's champions of the heart have existed only since "he of Gath" defied creation?

THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION.

Though he of Gath no more
The living God defy,
Champions like him of yore
Satan can now supply.

The champions he can call,
Though hid from mortal sight,
Are deadlier in their thrall
Than that fierce giant's might.

They rise not in the field
Of war, with warlike mien;

But in the heart conceal'd,
They fight for him unseen.

Lust, with its wanton eye,
False shame, and servile fear;
Despair, whose icy sigh
Would freeze contrition's tear;—

Doubt, with its scornful jest;
Pride, with its haughty brow;—
These, lurking in the breast,
Are Satan's champions now.

Vainly our strength we boast,
Or reason's triumphs tell,
Sin's hydra-headed host
Arms not our own must quell.

Be ours, then, those alone
God's word and grace bestow;
Faith's simple sling and stone
Shall lay each giant low.

BARNARD's poetry is more favourably shown in a piece on

SABBATH DAYS.

MODERNIZED FROM VAUGHAN'S "SILEX SCINTILLANS."

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers expanding week by week;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak.

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for, as in the cool of day.

Days fixt by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his path may twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing Fancy's flights and Fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.

Sometimes BARTON would leave religious topics; when he did so, he was equally unhappy in what he wrote. There is no freshness, no pungency, no originality in his verses. Those of his efforts which do not bear the stamp of first pieces are overstrained attempts at rivalling WORDSWORTH, whom he evidently selected as his model.

COLERIDGE said that the "criterion of a scholar's utility," should be "the number and value of the truths he has circulated and minds he has awakened." So we would rate an author according to the number of truthful passages to be found in his works, the ideas he has originated, and the reproduced knowledge which he has so invested with a new garniture that it shall appear in a new aspect. But where do we find either a sentence or a thought of BERNARD's that has influenced the mind of the age? Who that has read remembers a single passage from his poems? We never could discover that he had exercised either moral or mental influence.

We will quote one more piece—an entirely different specimen from those already given. The subject is trite, but the language and sentiments are even more unpoetical.

TARDY APPROACH OF SPRING.

Ev'n now, my daily labour done,
When faintly gleams the setting sun,
I wander forth: while, all around,
The ear can catch no livelier sound
Than gusts of wind, which, hurrying by,
Through yonder branches seem to sigh;
Unless on evening's gale should float,
In fitful swell, the casual note
Of martial music—faintly caught,
With pleasing melancholy fraught,
And though the lengthen'd day would fain
Assert fair Spring's returning reign,
The leafless boughs, the sighing gale,
The gathering clouds, the misty veil
Which shroud the sun's declining ray,
Confess stern Winter's lengthen'd sway.
Yet still to me this dreary hour,
This shadowy landscape, has the power:

To soothe my pensive troubled heart,
And tranquillizing bliss impart.
I like to see bleak Winter yield;
To Spring reluctantly the field;
I love to mark the watery gleam
Of sunshine on the Deben's stream;
While still in some sequester'd lane,
Screen'd from the blast that sweeps the plain,
Some little flower its head uprears,
Smiling even amid its tears,
Whose chilly drops shall soon be dried,
And Flora claim her garland's pride.

— We close our review of BARTON and his verses, protesting that one whom BYRON, and SOUTHEY, and LAMB, hailed with very faint praise, should be no longer ranked with England's poets. The reputation which foolish friends awarded him, and not the excellence of his works, has led us into so long and close an examination of his life, and of his claims to a niche in the Temple of Fame.

J. C.

Art and Poetry: being Thoughts towards Nature.
Conducted principally by Artists. Nos. 3 and 4.
London: Dickinson and Co.

SOME time since we had occasion to direct the attention of our readers to a periodical then just issued under the modest title of *The Germ*. The surprise and pleasure with which we read it was, as we are informed, very generally shared by our readers upon perusing the poems we extracted from it, and it was manifest to every person of the slightest taste that the contributors were possessed of genius of a very high order, and that *The Germ* was not wantonly so entitled, for it abounded with the promise of a rich harvest to be anticipated from the maturity of those whose youth could accomplish so much.

But we expressed also our fear lest the very excellence of this magazine should be fatal to its success. It was too good, that is to say, too refined, and of too lofty a class, both in its art and in its poetry, to be sufficiently popular to pay even the printer's bill. The name, too, was against it—being somewhat unintelligible to the thoughtless, and conveying to the considerate a notion of something very juvenile. Those fears were not unfounded, for it was suspended for a short time; but other journals after a while discovered and proclaimed the merit that was scattered profusely over the pages of *The Germ*, and thus encouraged, the enterprise has been resumed, with a change of name, which we must regard as an improvement. *Art and Poetry* precisely describes its character. It is wholly devoted to them, and it aims at originality in both. It is seeking out for itself new paths, in a spirit of earnestness, and with an undoubted ability, which must lead to a new era. The writers may err somewhat at first, show themselves too defiant of prescriptive rules, and mistake extravagance for originality; but this fault, inherent in youth, when, conscious of its powers, it first sets up for itself, will after a while work its own cure, and with experience will come soberer action. But we cannot contemplate this young and rising school in art and literature without the most ardent anticipations of something great to grow from it, something new and worthy of our age, and we bid them God speed upon the path they have adventured.

This is a specimen of the *art* purposes of the writers of this magazine:—

"If, as every poet, every painter, every sculptor will acknowledge, his best and most original ideas are derived from his own times: if his great lessonings to piety, truth, charity, love, honour, honesty, gallantry, generosity, courage, are derived from the same source; why transfer them to distant periods, and make them not *things of to-day*? Why teach us to revere the saints of old, and not our own family-worshippers? Why to admire the lance-armed knight, and not the patience-armed hero of misfortune? Why to draw a sword we do not wear to aid an oppressed damsel, and not a purse which we do wear to rescue an erring one? Why to worship a martyred St. Agatha, and not a sick woman attending the sick?"

But our more immediate purpose here is with the poetry, of which about one-half of each number is composed. It is all beautiful; much of it of extraordinary merit, and equal to anything that any of our known

poets could write, save TENNYSON, of whom the strains sometimes remind us, although they are not imitations in any sense of the word.

Very pretty is this:

SWEET DEATH.

The sweetest blossoms die,
And so it was that, going day by day
Unto the church to praise and pray,
And crossing the green church-yard thoughtfully,
I saw how on the graves the flowers
Shed their fresh leaves in showers;
And how the perfume rose up to the sky
Before it passed away.

The youngest blossoms die.
They die, and fall, and nourish the rich earth
From which they lately had their birth.
Sweet life: but sweeter death that passeth by,
And is as tho' it had not been.
All colours turn to green:
The bright hues vanish, and the odours fly;
The grass hath lasting worth.

And youth and beauty die.
So be it, O my God, thou God of truth.
Better than beauty and than youth
Are saints and angels, a glad company:
And Thou, O Lord, our Rest and Ease,
Are better far than these.
Why should we shrink from our full harvest? why
Prefer to glean with Ruth?

"Repining" is a singularly beautiful poem, but too long for our limited space. How delicate the sentiment of

VIOLA AND OLIVIA.

When Viola, a servant of the Duke,
Of him she loved the page, went, sent by him,
To tell Olivia that great love which shook
His breast and stopt his tongue; was it a whim,
Or jealousy or fear that she must look
Upon the face of that Olivia?

'Tis hard to say if it were whim or fear
Or jealousy, but it was natural,
As natural as what came next, the near
Intelligence of hearts: Olivia
Loveth, her eye abused by a thin wall
Of custom, but her spirit's eyes were clear.

Clear? we have oft been curious to know
The after-fortunes of those lovers dear;
Having a steady faith some deed must show
That they were married souls—unmarried here—
Having an inward faith that love, called so
In verity, is of the spirit, clear
Of earth and dress and sex—it may be near
What Viola returned Olivia?

And here is a ballad in the truest spirit of that species of poem.

ON A WHIT-SUNDAY IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

The sun looked over the highest hills,
And down in the vales looked he;
And sprang up blithe all things of life,
And put forth their energy;
The flowers crept out their tender cups,
And offered their dewy fee;
And rivers and rills they shimmered along
Their winding ways to the sea;
And the little birds their morning song
Trilled forth from every tree,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

Lord Thomas he rose and donned his clothes;
For he was a sleepless man:
And ever he tried to change his thoughts,
Yet ever they one way ran.
He to catch the breeze through the apple trees,
By the orchard paths did stray,
Till he was aware of a lady there
Came walking adown that way:
Out gushed the song the trees among
Then soared and sank away,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

With eyes down-cast care-slow she came,
Heedless of shine or shade,
Or the dewy grass that wetted her feet,
And heavy her dress all made:
Oh trembled the song the trees among,
And all at once was stayed,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

Lord Thomas he was a truth-fast knight,
And a calm-eyed man he.
He pledged his troth to his mother's maid
A damsel of low degree:
He spoke her fair, he spoke her true
And well to him listened she.
He gave her a kiss, she gave him twain
All beneath an apple tree:
The little birds trilled, the little birds filled
The air with their melody,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

A goodly sight it was, I ween,
This loving couple to see,
For he was a tall and a stately man,
And a queenly shape had she.

With arms each laced round other's waist,
Through the orchard paths they tread
With gliding pace, face mixed with face,
Yet never a word they said:
Oh! soared the song the birds among,
And seemed with a rapture sped,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

The dew wet-grass all through they pass,
The orchard they compass round;
Save words like sighs and swimming eyes
No utterance they found.
Upon his chest she leaned her breast,
And nestled her small, small head,
And cast a look so sad, that shook
Him all with the meaning said:
Oh hushed was the song the trees among,
As over there sailed a glee,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

Then forth with a faltering voice there came,
"Ah would Lord Thomas for thee
That I were come of a lineage high,
And not of a low degree."
Lord Thomas her lips with his fingers touched,
And stilled her all with his ee:
"Dear Ella! Dear Ella!" he said,
"Beyond all my ancestry
Is this dower of thine—that precious thing,
Dear Ella, thy purity.
Thee will I wed—lift up thy head—
All I have I give to thee—
Yes—all that is mine is also thine—
My lands and my ancestry."
The little birds sang and the orchard rang
With a heavenly melody,
On a Whit-sunday morn in the month of May.

Almost one half of the April number is occupied with a "Dialogue on Art," the composition of an artist whose works are well known to the public. It was written during a period of ill health, which forbade the use of the brush, and, taking his pen, he has given to the world his thoughts upon art in a paper which the *Edinburgh Review*, in its best days, might have been proud to possess. We conclude with a short poem by Mr. DANTE ROSETTI.

PAX VOBIS.

'Tis of the Father Hilary.
He strove, but could not pray: so took
The darkened stair, where his feet shook
A sad blind echo. He crept up
Slowly. 'Twas a chill sway of air
That autumn noon within the stair,
Sick, dizzy, like a turning op:
His brain perplexed him, void and thin:
He shut his eyes, and felt it spin;
The obscure deafness hemmed him in.
He said: "The air is calm outside."

He leaned unto the gallery
Where the chime keeps the night and day:
It hurt his brain,—he could not pray.
He had his face upon the stone:
Deep 'twixt the narrow shafts, his eye
Passed all the roofs unto the sky
Whose greyness the wind swept alone.
Close by his feet he saw it shake
With wind in pools that the rains make:
The ripple set his eyes to ache.
He said, "Calm hath its peace outside."

He stood within the mystery
Girding God's blessed Eucharist:
The organ and the chaunt had ceased:
A few words paused against his ear,
Said from the altar: drawn round him,
The silence was at rest and dim.
He could not pray. The bell shook clear
And ceased. All was great awe,—the breath
Of God in man, that warranteth
Wholly the inner things of Faith.
He said: "There is the world outside."

Ghent: Church of St. Bavon.

Sure we are that not one of our readers will regret the length at which we have noticed this work.

Aurora, and other Poems. By Mrs. H. R. SANDBACH.
London: Pickering. 1850.

THERE is poetry in this volume, when Mrs. SANDBACH shuns the classics, and contents herself with singing of objects, within her personal ken, of the country and of home, and the thoughts and feelings of living men and women.

For instance:

A WATERFALL.

Secret, shadowy waterfall,
In the green glen hidden,
Singing, as you roam along,
Your sweet "hymns unbidden;"
Not with mighty rush and roar,
But with gentlest feeling,
You along your chosen way
Quietly are stealing.

On your margin green, the heather
And the harebell deck the grass;
Laughing as your wooing waters
Kiss the sweet bud as they pass;
And the breeze's softest sighing
Seems almost to do you wrong;
Blending semitones of sadness,
With the spirit of your song.

Like the sweetest life of woman,
Is your happy hidden flow;
Woman, in her home's calm shadow,
Where her flowers of blessing grow;
Where she sings her songs of gladness,
Pours her love, and weeps her tears,
Murmurs prayers, and glancing heavenward,
Steals into the vale of years.

And in the next there is a new and highly poetical idea.

DEATH IN SLEEP.

Up through the solemn skies
Moonlight above the world,
See a pale form arise
With sable wings unfurled.
Night's shadowy angel bears,
Away, a new-born soul,
To the high bliss of Heaven
Where years eternal roll.

Here on this lower earth
As if still wrapt in sleep,
Lies that, which once within,
The prisoned soul did keep:
Its house of clay, once fair,
Through which it looked and smiled,
And shed its rays of love,
Benignant, warm, and mild.

Often in hours of pain,
This weary body pined;
But the soul struggled on,
Its homeward way to find,
God in his mercy saw,
And bade the struggle cease;
And sent to bring the soul
His silent angel, Peace.

She hover'd o'er the couch,
And Sleep and Death were there,
And Death, the victor, gave
The soul into her care.
Over the mortal part
Alone he held his sway,
And there in his dread power
So tranquilly it lay,
That Death in pity took
The gentler form of sleep,
And to its aspect gave
Tranquillity more deep.

So this.

SPRING FLOWERS.

As the sound of her coming footsteps,
When the beloved draws near,
As the rush of her silken garment
Is to the fondest ear—

As her white hands' graceful movement,
Ere 'tis our own dear prize;
As her tender and silent blushing,
And the breath of her happy sighs—

As the smile on her lips so lovely,
Ere they are ours to kiss,
Ere we can clasp her closely,
And hold her in perfect bliss—

So do ye, gleaming flow'rets,
Seem to my longing gaze,
Heralds of coming beauty,
And promise of fuller days.

Filled with expectant gladness,
Receiving with rapture fond
The present delicious moment,
We look for a joy beyond.

Mrs. SANDBACH is, we understand, a daughter of ROSCOE, the author of the history of "Lorenzo de Medici." She certainly inherits much of her father's genius. We hope to receive more verses from her pen, and this we cannot honestly say of one in a hundred of the would-be poets who send us their verses for review.

Philip the Second. A Tragedy. By N. T. MOLE. London: Simpkin and Co.

A TRAGEDY in rhyme! Of its quality and the qualifications of Mr. MOLE, the reader will be judge by the first eight lines of the prologue, which we extract:

'Tis sweet in meads a bosky brook divides,
That spreads its mirror to the mountain's sides.
Whence, oh my soul, and whither would'st thou climb?
The path is steep, the precipice sublime,
And based on bones of those who aspired and fell:
And on a height, where columns, crown, and cell,
What, but a cenotaph, with garlands carved
For those who gained the summit and were starved.

It is literally thus. Have we said enough? Need we go further?

Pandemonium; or a Glimpse into the Modern Inferno, Past, Present, and Future. By ASMODEUS. London: E. Wilson.

A somewhat bold and personal satire, in not very polished verse, and in still less polished language. The author prides himself on his plain speaking, but he might have told truths in the language of a gentleman, instead of sprinkling his pages with positive vulgarisms. The idea of a supposed visit to the Infernal Regions, during which he observes the introduction of divers living persons of renown, is not a new one; and it needs far more ability than this writer possesses to recommend it to those who remember how it has been handled by great men now gone. He cannot even keep to the rules of grammar, as the following lines will show. He is alluding to Mr. HUDSON:

Precise at that moment the King stepped on land.
This impudent snob says, "Old boy, there's my hand;
I came hither by steam, your Highness to tell
A railway is making from Hull into Hell—
A good speculation, no doubt will pay well,
For the omnibus every minute is going—
Inside and out they're full to o'erflowing."

And this is a fair average specimen!

RELIGION.

Phases of Faith; or, Passages from the History of my Creed. By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Chapman. 1850.

MR. NEWMAN's confessions of doubt differ from those with which Mr. FROUDE grieved the world, in this, that they are less an expression of mental agony. Mr. FROUDE lamented that he could not keep in the pathway of his ancient faith. Mr. NEWMAN has no such regrets; he seems to be confident that he has done his duty in adopting the views which, after profound and serious reflection, have presented themselves to him as the truth. But the two works resemble each other in this, that both are very eloquent, both are pervaded with the religious sentiment, both treat the subject of religion with respect and solemnity, both abjure the insulting and mocking spirit of the infidels of past times, both are christians in feeling, in principle, in practice—in everything but in creed.

Mr. NEWMAN's design, as the title implies, is to describe the Phases through which his mind has passed in the formation of its religious faith. He divides it into Periods, first describing his "Youthful Period;" then, in the second period, his "Strivings after a more primitive Christianity;" then, "Calvinism abandoned as neither evangelical nor true." In the fourth period we find him renouncing "the Religion of the Letter." In the fifth he has resolved that "Faith at second hand is vain." The sixth period discovers to him that "History is no part of Religion," and, in conclusion he discourses of "Bigotry and Progress."

But earnest as is the spirit and beautiful the style of this book, we do not fear that it will have any dangerous influence. On the contrary, like all inquiries conducted soberly, rationally and respectfully, it will serve to confirm the faith of the true Christian by showing him how little is to be adduced against it by the most able and honest opponent. There are few believers who will not rise from the perusal of Mr. NEWMAN's history of his Phases of Faith without finding his own creed, not merely unshaken, but confirmed—enlarged and improved it may be, in some respects, but in all the essential articles of it more honoured and more firmly believed by contemplation of the backsliding of a man of high intelligence and

undoubted honesty of purpose, who has fixed his attention too much upon the defects of evidence and not enough upon the overwhelming case made out on its behalf. Having the most confident assurance that Christianity in all its essential features, as it is received by the great body of Christians at this day, is true, we have no fear of any amount of discussion and inquiry. Nothing that is true has occasion to shrink from the fullest investigation; on the contrary, the more it is debated the more apparent will its truth become and the more will faith in it be spread abroad. Because we are convinced of the absolute truth of Christianity should we rather court than shun such respectful inquiries as those of Mr. FROUDE and Mr. NEWMAN. Nor would we desire to forbid the perusal of their essays. That faith is of no worth which consists in mere blind uninquiring assent, and is not a conviction founded upon examination and confirmed by reason. There cannot be an examination without hearing both sides, and if ever there was a case in which the hearing of both sides would result in the triumphant vindication of that which is impugned, it is this of the verity of the Christian faith. The true danger lies in an attempt to exclude contrary arguments and assertions, especially from the young, for they are sure to fall in their way at some time, when, perhaps, leisure may not admit of that full review of the whole case which cannot fail to result in strengthened faith, and the consequence is infidelity; but, if the fallacies of the opponents are permitted to be read, when there is time for deliberation and leisure for comparison, the work of conviction will be accomplished at once and completely, and the confirmed Christian, convinced by the hearing of both sides and the manifest weakness of the opponent party, will go forth into the world confident in his creed, without future danger of having it shaken or his mind disturbed by doubt, rejoicing that his faith is founded upon the only secure and unassailable basis, the conviction of his reason.

Mr. NEWMAN is, as our readers are probably aware, a brother of the famous Tractarian of that name, who, after trying, in vain, to convert the English Church to Romanism, quitted it, like an honest man, and went over to Rome, where his convictions had gone before him. The consequences of an abandonment of reason in religion, as shown in this brother, doubtless had great influence in the disturbance of his own faith. On this we have some interesting revelations.

THE TWO NEWMANS.

Here also, as before, the Evangelical clergy whom I consulted were found by me a broken reed. The clerical friend whom I had known at school, wrote kindly to me, but quite declined attempting to solve my doubts; and, in other quarters, I soon saw that no fresh light was to be got. One person there was at Oxford who might have seemed my natural adviser: his name, character, and religious peculiarities have been so made public property, that I need not shrink to name him—I mean my elder brother, the Reverend John Henry Newman. As a warm-hearted and generous brother, who exercised towards me paternal cares, I esteemed him and felt a deep gratitude; as a man of various culture and peculiar genius, I admired and was proud of him; but my doctrinal religion impeded my loving him as much as he deserved, and even justified my feeling some distrust of him. He never showed any strong attraction towards those whom I regarded as spiritual persons; on the contrary, I thought him stiff and cold towards them. Moreover, soon after his ordination, he had startled and distressed me by adopting the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; and, in rapid succession, worked out views which I regarded as full-blown "Popery."

I speak of the years 1823-6: it is strange to think that twenty years more had to pass, before he learnt the place to which his doctrines belonged.

In the earliest period of my Oxford residence, I fell into uneasy collision with him concerning episcopal powers. I had, on one occasion, dropt something disrespectful against bishops or a bishop—something which, if it had been said about a clergyman, would have passed unnoticed: but my brother checked and reproved me—as I thought, very unconstructively—for “wanting reverence towards bishops.” I knew not then, and I know not now, why bishops, as such, should be more revered than common clergymen; or clergymen, as such, more than common men. In the world I expected pomp, and vain show, and formality, and counterfeits; but of the church, as Christ's own kingdom, I demanded reality, and could not digest legal fictions. I saw round me what sort of young men were preparing to be clergymen; I knew the attractions of family “livings” and fellowships, and of a respectable position and undefinable hopes of preferment; I further knew, that when youths had become clergymen through a great variety of mixed motives, bishops were selected out of these clergy on avowedly political grounds: it therefore amazed me how a man of good sense should be able to set up a duty of religious veneration towards bishops. I was willing to honour a Lord Bishop as a Peer of Parliament; but his office was, to me, no guarantee of spiritual eminence. To find my brother thus stop my mouth, was a puzzle, and impeded all free speech towards him. In fact, I very soon left off the attempt at intimate religious intercourse with him, or asking counsel as of one who could sympathize. We talked, indeed, a great deal on the surface of religious matters; and, on some questions, I was overpowered and received a temporary bias from his superior knowledge; but, as time went on, and my own intellect ripened, I distinctly felt that his arguments were too fine-drawn and subtle, often elaborately missing the moral point and the main points, to rest on some ecclesiastical fiction; and his conclusions were, to me, so marvellous and painful, that I constantly thought I had mistaken him.

Mr. F. W. NEWMAN went to the East on a religious mission, and, after his return, the difference with his brother grew into a quarrel.

The Tractarian movement was just commencing in 1833. My brother was taking a position in which he was bound to show that he could sacrifice private love to ecclesiastical dogma; and, upon learning that I had spoken at some small meetings of religious people, (which he interpreted, I believe, to be an assuming of the priest's office,) he separated himself entirely from my private friendship and acquaintance. To the public this may have some interest, as indicating the disturbing excitement which animated that cause; but my reason for naming the fact here, is solely to exhibit the practical positions into which I myself was thrown. In my brother's conduct there was not a shade of unkindness, and I have not a thought of complaining of it. My distress was naturally great, until I had fully ascertained from him that I had given no personal offence. But the mischief of it went deeper. It practically cut me off from other members of my family, who were living in his house, and whose state of feeling towards me, through separation and my own agitations of mind, I for some time totally mistook.

The dangers that must result from the controversy which the Bishop of Exeter has fanned into a flame will be manifest from this book. It appears that Mr. NEWMAN's faith was first shaken by the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration and the tremendous consequences that inevitably flow from it. In the chapter on his youthful creed, he says:—

It was already breaking upon me, that I could not fulfil the dreams of my boyhood as a minister in the church of England. For, supposing that with increased knowledge I might arrive at the conclusion that infant baptism was a fore-arranged “development,”—not indeed practised in the first generation, but expedient, justifiable and intended for the second, and probably then sanctioned by one still living apostle,—even so, I foresaw the still greater difficulty of baptismal regeneration

behind. For any one to avow that regeneration took place in baptism, seemed to me little short of a confession that he had never himself experienced what regeneration is. If I could then have been convinced that the apostles taught no other regeneration, I almost think that even their authority would have snapped under the strain: but this is idle theory; for it was as clear as daylight to me that they held a totally different doctrine, and that the high church and popish fancy is a superstitious perversion, based upon carnal inability to understand a strong spiritual metaphor. On the other hand, my brother's arguments that the baptismal service of the church taught “spiritual regeneration” during the ordinance, were short, simple and overwhelming. To imagine a twofold “spiritual regeneration” was evidently a hypothesis to serve a turn, nor in any of the church formulas was such an idea broached. Nor could I hope for relief by searching through the homilies or by drawing deductions from the articles: for if I there elicited a truer doctrine, it would never show the baptismal service not to teach the popish tenet; it would merely prove the church-system to contain contradictions, and not to deserve that absolute declaration of its truth, which is demanded of church ministers. With little hope of advantage, I yet felt it a duty to consult many of the evangelical clergymen whom I knew, and to ask how they reconciled the baptismal service to their consciences. I found (if I remember) three separate theories among them,—all evidently mere shifts invented to avoid the disagreeable necessity of resigning their functions. Not one of these good people seemed to have the most remote idea, that it was their duty to investigate the meaning of the formula with the same unbiassed simplicity as if it belonged to the Gallican church. They did not seek to know what it was written to mean, nor what sense it must carry to every simple-minded hearer; but they solely asked, how they could manage to assign to it a sense not wholly irreconcilable with their own doctrines and preaching. This was too obviously hollow. The last gentleman whom I consulted, was the rector of a parish, who from week to week baptized children with the prescribed formula: but to my amazement, he told me that he did not like the service, and did not approve of infant baptism; to both of which things he submitted, solely because, as an inferior minister of the church, it was his duty to obey established authority! The case was desperate. But I may here add, that this clergyman, within a few years from that time, redeemed his freedom and his conscience by the painful ordeal of abandoning his position and his flock, against the remonstrances of his wife, to the annoyance of his friends and with a young family about him.

Let no reader accept the preceding paragraph as my testimony that the evangelical clergy are less simple-minded and less honourable in their subscriptions than the high church. I do not say, and I do not believe this. All who subscribe, labour under a common difficulty, in having to give an absolute assent to formulas that were made by a compromise and are not homogeneous in character. To the high churchman the articles are a difficulty, to the low churchman various parts of the liturgy. All have to do violence to some portion of the system; and considering at how early an age they are entrapped into subscription, they all deserve our sincere sympathy and very ample allowance, as long as they are pleading for the rights of conscience: only when they become overbearing, dictatorial, proud of their chains, and desirous of ejecting others, does it seem right to press them with the topic of inconsistency.

We conclude with another passage relating to his differences with his brother:

Well, I had been misjudged; I had been absurdly measured by other men's creed: but might I not have similarly misjudged others, since I had from early youth been under similar influences? How many of my seniors at Oxford I had virtually despised because they were not Evangelical! Had I had opportunity of testing their spirituality? or had I the faculty of so doing? Had I not really condemned them as unspiritual, barely because of their creed? On trying to reproduce the past to my imagination, I could not condemn myself quite as sweepingly as I wished: but my heart smote me on account of one. I had a brother, with whose name all England was resounding for praise or blame: from his sympathies, through pure hatred of Popery, I had long since turned

away. What was this but to judge him by his creed? True, his whole theory was nothing but Romanism transferred to England: but what then? I had studied with the deepest interest Mrs. Schimmelpennick's account of the Portroyalists, and though I was aware that she exhibits only the bright side of her subject, yet the absolute excellencies of her nuns and priests showed that Romanism as such was not fatal to spirituality. They were persecuted: this did them good perhaps, or certainly exhibited their brightness. So, too, my brother surely was struggling after truth, fighting for freedom to his own heart and mind, against church articles and stagnancy of thought. For this he deserved both sympathy and love: but I, alas! had not known and seen his excellence. But now God had taught me more largeness by bitter sorrow, working the peaceful fruit of righteousness; at last, then, I might admire my brother. I therefore wrote to him a letter of contrition. Some change either in his mind or in his view of my position had taken place; and I was happy to find him once more able, not only to feel fraternally, as he had always done, but to act also fraternally. Nevertheless, to this day it is to me a painfully unsolved mystery, how a mind can claim its freedom in order to establish bondage.

For the peculiarities of Romanism I feel nothing, and I can pretend nothing, but contempt, hatred, disgust, or horror. But this system of falsehood, fraud, and unscrupulous and unrelenting ambition, will never be destroyed while Protestants keep up their insane anathemas against opinion. These are the outworks of the Romish citadel: until they are razed to the ground, the citadel will defy attack. If we are to blind our eyes in order to accept an article of King Edward VI. or an argument of St. Paul's why not blind them so far as to accept the Council of Trent? If we are to pronounce that a man “without doubt shall perish everlastingly” unless he believes the self-contradictions of the pseudo-Athanasian Creed, why should we shrink from a similar anathema on those who reject the self-contradictions of Transubstantiation? If one man is cast out of God's favour for eliciting error while earnestly searching after truth, and another remains in favour by passively receiving the word of a church, of a priest, or of an apostle, then to search for truth is dangerous; apathy is safer: then the soul does not come directly into contact with God and learn of him, but has to learn from, and unconvincedly submit to, some external authority. This is the germ of Romanism; its legitimate development makes us Pagans outright.

A reply to this book, written in the same kind and tolerant spirit, treating it with the calmness of one who desires to ascertain the very truth, would be an interesting and useful task, and one not difficult of accomplishment, for the greater portion of the arguments are capable of complete refutation. Should it stimulate inquiry either in authors or readers, and promote such temperate discussion, Mr. NEWMAN's *Phases of Faith* will do good service to the cause of Christianity.

The Early Conflicts of Christianity. By the Rev. WM. INGRAHAM KIR, D. D. Appleton & Co. New York.

THE Conflicts of Christianity, of which Dr. KIR's volume treats, are not the material conflicts of sword and fagot, of outward bodily persecution, but those of opinion and prejudice. He shows us the stronghold of Ceremonial Law on the Jew, his pride in its pomp of worship, his devotion to its festivals, his admiration of the splendours of the Tabernacle. He examines in detail the varying shades of doctrine held by the different sects into which the Jewish world was divided at our Saviour's Advent. This is his account of

THE ESSAYES.

It would be impossible to find any sect among the Jews which was disposed to make common cause with Christianity, or, rather, whose prejudices did not at once array them against it. In the progress of the

sacred narrative we see this developed, as our Lord and His disciples encountered either the contemptuous scorn of the Herodian and the aristocratic Sadducee, or the fanatical rage of the zealot and the Pharisee. But of one sect alone, the Essenes, we find no mention there, nor does our Lord, in His discourses, seem ever to allude to them. Yet we know, from their tenets, that in this respect they could have formed no exception to their countrymen. They were the predecessors of the Therapeutæ of Egypt, and, in a later day, of the monks in the Christian Church. The same regions which, at the coming of our Lord, witnessed the emaciated forms of these Jewish ascetics, three centuries afterwards exhibited the folly of the Stylites. Retiring from the world to the shores of the Dead Sea, the Essenes dwelt on some highly cultivated oases in the desert, among groves of palm trees, of which, according to the picturesque expressions of Pliny, they were the companions. Amid fertile fields, won from the barren wilderness, they passed their rigid and ascetic lives. They neither married nor gave in marriage—they neither bought nor sold—but all things were in common, and they gained their support from the earth by the sweat of their brow. Silent and unsocial, each one wrapped in his own thoughts, a quiet reigned through their habitations like that which now marks a Carthusian monastery. "Wonderful nation," says the Roman naturalist, "which endures for centuries, but in which no child is ever born."

With the tenets of the Jewish law, they seemed to have but little in common, or rather, we should say, they had abandoned almost everything that made Judaism distinctive. They went not up to Jerusalem, nor offered sacrifices in the temple; and the Heaven to which they looked forward was more like the fabled Elysium of the Greeks than anything which revelation holds out as our future rest. Still less would their creed accord with the free and lofty spirit of Christianity. It might agree with the faith in its abolition of the ceremonial law, and the substitution of a more spiritual worship in its place; but beyond this everything would be repugnant to that system in which the Essene had embodied his faith. He was as much the slave to forms and minute observances as the strictest Pharisee, who prayed at the corner of the streets, or tilted out, with scrupulous accuracy, his "anise, mint, and cummin." But, unlike the Pharisee, he never attempted to disseminate his principles. He sought no proselytes, and could never have sympathised with that aggressive spirit of the gospel which bids its followers inculcate the truth wherever sinning suffering man could be found to listen. Essenism was, indeed, a form of that wide-spread Oriental philosophy which, in after ages, under the name of Manichæism, infected, for a time, the churches of Asia. Its main principles was, that all matter is the creation of an evil being; and, therefore, life must be spent in the most severe mortification of this material body, which interfered with the purity of the immaterial spirit. Its appetites and propensities of every kind were, in themselves, evil. Every pleasure was forbidden as sin, and the entire extinction of the passions of the body was inculcated as the only real virtue. In this they agreed with the stern teaching of the Grecian Stoic, but not with the lessons of Him who dignified our mortal nature by himself assuming it, and who hath declared that the body is "the temple of the Holy Ghost," and is to be again lifted up from the dust of dissolution, and made fit for ever to be the tabernacle of its spiritual and glorified partner. Is there not, too, something significant in the fact, that our Lord seems never to have brought His Gospel before the members of this monastic fraternity? He appears never to have encountered them, though he mixed with men of every class and every shade of opinion—the self-righteous Pharisees and the despised publicans and sinners; and in His repeated journeys we can trace Him through every district of the Holy Land, except that near the Dead Sea, in which the agricultural settlements of the Essenes were situated.

The Jewish view of the MESSIAH as a Temporal Prince, so intimately connected with their patriotic pride as a nation, a feeling so strong with them as to have influenced the minds of some of the Apostles themselves, and the contrast of these ideas with the true nature of the SAVIOUR'S kingdom, although offering nothing

of novelty in them—and well for us that it is so—are clearly set forth by the author, interspersed with fine descriptive passages of various Jewish rites. The gathering of the tribes up to Jerusalem at the Passover offers a fine theme for such description, and it has been animatedly and successfully treated by Dr. KIP.

In the next chapter we pass from Jew to Gentile, from the stern Hebrew to the pleasure-loving Greek. We have animated pictures of the social life of the people of Athens; we see them revelling in all the enjoyment of the fullest satisfaction of cultivated taste and the excitement of novelty, before a master-piece of PHIDIAS, just unveiled from the studio in all its purity of unstained, snowy hue, and with every touch of the chisel in its pristine sharpness. We follow on with the author, glancing at two wrangling sophists in the market-place, and catching a few of the impassioned lines of a rhapsodist, telling the "story old" of HECTOR and ACHILLES. We follow on to the Pnyx, the place of public assembly, where THEMISTOCLES holds the immense crowd enchained by the golden links of his oratory. We go from thence to a still prouder intellectual field, to the rock-hewn theatre, simple and massive in its construction as the master-works of tragic art which fill its stage. From the theatre we pass to a still wider stage, to the Olympic games, and hear the late-returned HERODOTUS, the first "Eothenist," father of the STEPHENS, WARBURTONS, and GLIDDONS of the present day, discourse of the wonders of old PATER NILUS, venerable and veiled in the gloomy mystery of the past, even at that day.

Thus vividly does Dr. KIP place before us the Athens on which ST. PAUL looked down from Mars' Hill. He next treats of his auditors, and the various philosophical systems which agitated or controlled their minds. This part of the work is particularly valuable, as in the compass of a few pages he supplies the unlearned reader with a concise but clear view of the main features of Greek philosophy. We give his remarks upon Plato:—

From Socrates to his noblest pupil the transition is natural. It would, however, require a volume to give any idea of the writings of Plato—his ideal theory—his dialectics—and his system of ethics. He was one of those whose whole soul seemed pervaded with a sense of the beautiful. We see in every part of his works that he was possessed by

A presence that disturbed him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

It is thus that he has come down to us, and in this light the world chiefly knows him. Thousands who are entirely unacquainted with his theology or his ethics, regard him as having conceived the idea of "The Beautiful," and the mere mention of his name calls up, they scarcely know why, visions of splendour before their eyes. But what did Plato mean by this? He considered Beauty as a revelation of the Divinity in the things around us—not that appearance which depends on symmetry of form or harmony of colour—but the radiant image of Truth in whatever it can be seen. And the loftiness of his view can be learned from his description of those whose eyes are sealed against this spiritual Beauty. "They," he says, "who are not fresh from heaven, or who have been corrupted are not vehemently impelled towards that Beauty which is aloft, when they see that upon earth which is called by its name. They do not, therefore, venerate and worship it, but give themselves up to

physical pleasures." And love, with him, was the intense desire of the soul for this lofty Beauty—the longing of the spirit for that which is like unto itself. Love, then, is the bond which unites the Divine and the earthly. But the defect with Plato was, that he could see no nobler end in life than that of familiarising the mind with the Beautiful, the Good, and the True.

And yet no writer, without the pale of the church, that has ever lived, has exercised so marked an influence on the spirit of Christianity as this Greek philosopher. There was something so fascinating about his elevating doctrines, that men clung to them even after they had received the purer light of our faith; and if St. Jerome could hear, in vision, a voice saying to him, "thou art no Christian, thou art a Ciceronian," there was many an early writer of the church to whom the charge might be addressed, "thou art no Christian, thou art a Platonist." Eusebius names him as "the only Greek who has penetrated into the antechamber of Christian truth." Justin Martyr, Clement, Origen, and Augustine, warmly express their admiration—and Celsus impiously declares that Christ has borrowed from Plato. We know not, therefore, a nobler work by one who understood the spirit of Platonism, than to trace its influence from the time when its followers attempted to engraft it on the New Faith, and to show how in all ages its subtle spirit has acted on the belief of the world.

But this very fascination rendered Platonism a most dangerous antagonist of Christianity. It seemed to satisfy that thirsting after something nobler than heathenism taught, which must be a natural characteristic of the mind. Plato united in his system all the conflicting tendencies of the age, selecting from the works of his predecessors each portion of truth that they had discovered, and reconciling these portions in one general doctrine. In that vast system all scepticism and all faith found acceptance; the scepticism was corrected, and the faith was strengthened by more solid arguments. Men, therefore, were willing to rest in the higher philosophy which he taught—the subjugation of sense to reason, and the emancipation of what was purely spiritual in man from the degrading fetters of the material. They inquired, what more than this could Christianity teach us?

There was much, indeed, in the system of Plato which harmonised with the doctrines of our faith. For instance, in one of the most striking of his myths, he clearly declares the fact of the fall. It is thus that he gives his view of human nature:—"We may compare it to a chariot with a pair of winged horses and a driver. In the souls of the gods, the horses and the driver are entirely good; in other souls only partially so, one of the horses excellent, the other vicious. The business, therefore, of the driver is extremely difficult and troublesome." His views, too, of the Supreme Being are marked by sublimity. "We are wrong," he says, "in speaking of the Divine Essence, to say it *was*—it *shall be*; these forms of time do not suit eternity. It is—this is its attribute. So it was, too, with the doctrine of the Trinity. We trace in it the truth of what Josephus declares, that Plato obtained much of his theological knowledge from the books of Moses. He must, indeed, have been acquainted with the Jewish Trinity, or the ancient Cabala, for his doctrine so nearly resembled that of the Christian system, that his three persons, or hypostases, are never by him accounted as created beings, but are set above all creatures. He concentrated and personified Infinite Goodness, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Vital Energy, in the fountain of his Divinity. These are the three Essences of his Trinity.

It is pleasant, indeed, to find oases like these in the dreary wastes of Grecian philosophy, and these were the points which drew the attention of early Christian writers, and induced them to claim Plato as almost one of themselves. Yet still much is wanting, and there is "a great gulf" between his theology and that taught by St. Paul. It aims nobly, but reaches not the goal which it seeks. It needs—what is the very heart and soul, the living pulse of Christianity—the doctrine of the Incarnation. We find this defect visible in every department of heathen philosophy. Its conceptions of the holiness of God were feeble, because He had not been brought before them with the living distinctness of the Christian system. Its loftiest view was the apotheosis of man—not the incarnation of God. The

distinguishing element of the true faith is the power of redemption—its healing influence—its representation of the Son of God, the purest noblest life the world has ever seen—the only one pre-empted by the very fulness of holiness. And no system which wants this can achieve the recovery of man from his fall and ruin. We read the lofty thoughts of Plato, and still we are reminded of the words of St. Augustine, "Apud Ciceronem et Platonem, aliosque ejusmodi scriptores, multa sunt acutè dicta et leniter calentia, sed in iis omnibus hoc non invenio, Venite ad me." There is no cross—no true abasement of the heart—nothing to bring man in humility once more into union with God.

The place and audience thus presented to us, St. Paul appears and completes the greatest oratorical scene in all history.

The third part of the work is devoted to the sensuality of the period. This is chiefly illustrated from the city of Corinth, whose splendid luxuries and abandoned manners are vividly presented from the works of contemporary heathen writers, and the two Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians.

The Life of St. Francis of Assisi is introduced and well told, as an illustration of the effect of the example of a life of self-denial in an age of luxury.

In Barbarism, Christianity found an opponent the very reverse of that of Grecian culture. In the latter, mental cultivation had prepared the hearers to be struck and moved, if only for the moment, with the startling tidings of Christianity, but the Barbarian mind was a blank, unimpressible. It was almost necessary to create the intellect requisite for the reception of divine truth. This rendered the missionary labour then as now, hard, tedious, and discouraging; but the early preachers of the faith were nothing daunted by whatever obstacles interposed. "PAUL the aged," was the same indefatigable PAUL as before the intellectual Athenians, and the work was indefatigably followed up by his successors of the first three centuries of the Christian Era, within which period more was effected for the conversion of the heathen than in the fifteen which has succeeded them.

Dr. KIR opens the concluding portion of his work with a sketch of the Pantheon, as the former home of the Mythology of which he is about to treat, and as in its present state as a Christian Church emblematical of the triumph of Christianity over that of Mythology. But on the threshold of this interesting topic we must leave him. We should like to see more books of this kind, which on the one side are free from the asperities and doubtfulness of theological controversy, and on the other from the intense writing which of late seems to have been deemed needful to set off and display the narratives of Scripture and ecclesiastical history. Dr. KIR makes his work animated and interesting, but he resorts to no tricks of rhetoric, no displays of energy to do so. In place of these he gives us well digested, entertaining, useful facts. The history of his faith cannot but be interesting to the Christian for its own sake; but if we could divest it from our sympathies, church history would still be the most interesting department of history to the philosophical reader, who seeks in history something more than the carnage of battle and the smoke of burning towns; for as, in individual life, Christianity is the mainspring of all that is right within us, so is it in the wider field of universal history the life-giving principle which has actuated its events.

Earnestness: the Sequel to "Thankfulness." By CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A. London: S. Low.

We have never concealed our aversion to the entire class of books called religious fictions. We believe them to be calculated to do more harm, by infusing into young minds doubts as to the precise limits of the truth and the fiction, than good by the lessons it is intended to teach. Too often, we fear, do readers devour them for the story, skipping the didactic portions; and, lastly, like all books written with a purpose to teach a doctrine rather than to investigate what is true, they are necessarily one-sided, they misrepresent persons and branch fallacies, until they offend the good taste and good sense of those to whom they are addressed, and tempt them to doubt the soundness of a cause which is thought to require such devices to support it. *Earnestness* is one of these pious fictions: well-intended, beautifully written, abounding in fine moral and religious sentiment, which, if it had been advanced, as such, in the avowed form of an essay or a sermon, would, doubtless, have done good service to the cause, but, thus arrayed in a robe of fiction, it partakes, to some extent, of the character of its garment, and loses half its virtue by losing half its simplicity and appearing as if it was ashamed to be seen in its natural loveliness, "when unadorned, adorned the most."

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Chapters on the Common Things of the Sea-side. By ANN PRATT. Published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

As summer comes, sea-side thoughts begin to wander through the mind, and in populous cities pent, we amuse the fancy by flitting away from hot and dusty streets, the din of wheels and the smell of smoke, and the ever-moving crowd, to the sea-shore, with its fresh breezes, its dancing waves, its soft smooth sands and its solitudes which are not lonely. Families are beginning to talk about where they shall go, and some have already taken their departure.

But even by the sea-side occupation is necessary to enjoyment. We may lounge on the beach, and dig holes in the sand, and throw pebbles into the sea, and pick up seaweed, and stare at distant ships through telescopes, and dawdle over our shrimps at breakfast, for two or three days or even for a week, when holiday is fresh and mere do-nothing idleness has a charm by contrast with a twelvemonth's toil of head and hands. But soon the thoughts will weary of a vacuum, the hours will become tedious, we long for some employment of mind or body. This is a time to turn pleasure to profit, and here is the book to teach us how to do so.

MISS PRATT has written many charming books about flowers and their associations, all showing an intimate knowledge of their history and uses and told in a strain that must please and instruct the youngest reader. She has now written in the same intelligent and intelligible form an account of the information to be picked up at the sea-side,—the plants, the seaweeds, the shells, the minerals that are to be found there, the geology that is to be learned by walking on the beach, the history and uses of everything about us, so as to make a stroll upon the shore no longer a mere lazy duty, but a source of incessant entertainment and improvement. These teachings of hers are illustrated with woodcuts, and the volume is handsomely printed and bound, and is sold by the Christian Knowledge Society at a price so trifling that any person who should go to the sea-side this summer without it will deserve to die of ennui. To families we would earnestly recommend it, and it should not merely be bought to be looked at, but children should be made to read it, or, if they do not thus willingly, it should be read aloud to them. Of this we are certain, that there is no one reader who may spend his eightieth year in procuring this book at our instance, who will not, when he has glanced at its pages, thank us for having recommended it to him.

A New Elucidation of the Principles of Speech and Elocution. By ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL, Edinburgh: Kennedy.

THIS is by far the most minute analysis we have ever seen of the *Principles of Speech and Elocution*. It is far too learned and elaborate to admit of abbreviation or

even of description within our limited space. His instructions for clear and distinct articulation, for the use of rhythm for notation, for grouping words, for emphasis, expression, notation and time are admirable, and they are illustrated by new, ingenious and very simple marks, which indicate to the eye of a student how the passages given as lessons ought to be read. Mr. BELL has also investigated the physiology of Stammering, and having traced the cause gives some seemingly practical instructions for its cure.

Goldsmith's Abridgment of The History of England, with a continuation to the year 1850. By ROBERT SIMPSON. 19th edition. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1850.

GOLDSMITH'S England is too well known to need description or permit of criticism. The recommendations of this new edition of it are a series of exercises, in the form of questions for examination, appended to each chapter, and the continuation of the History to the present year by Mr. SIMPSON, who has caught the spirit of GOLDSMITH in the simplicity and pictorial style of his composition, so that he will be equally attractive to children.

An Ancient History; abridged from Rollin, for the use of Young People. By MARY G. WILKES. London: Cundall.

PERHAPS there is not a more difficult task than abbreviation. The result is usually a dry catalogue or chronology, which no young person can endure, and children, therefore, cannot be expected willingly to learn. It is a great merit in Miss WILKES, that she has succeeded in producing an abbreviation which is as pictorial as the original. This she does by judiciously limiting names and dates to the smallest amount requisite to make the matter intelligible. Several engravings assist in conveying the story through the eye, which is probably a better medium of instruction than the ear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nineveh and Persepolis; an Historical Sketch of Ancient Assyria and Persia, with an account of the recent researches in those countries. By W. S. W. VAUX, M.A. Assistant in the Department of Antiquities, British Museum. London: A. Hall and Co. 1850.

THE excitement respecting Nineveh and its remains, produced by the discoveries of Mr. LAYARD, so far from passing away with the season, is growing still, as almost every week brings accounts of new explorations amid the sands of the desert, attended with even greater success and the accumulation of treasures, the possession of which the world will envy. Everybody who has read at all must by this time have perused the volumes in which he narrates the adventures that have attended his researches, and must have shared the breathless interest with which the first relic of ancient art was torn from its tomb of ages. But those volumes are for the most part a most delightful description of life and labours in the desert. There was still wanting, to gratify the public thirst for information, some book of more formal mould which should minutely describe the objects that have been thus rescued from oblivion, and make known to the popular mind their probable histories and meanings, that are mystical to all but the initiated. Just such a book as was required has been supplied by the person, who, of all others, would be the most competent to produce it. Mr. VAUX, who has had the setting up in their places and the care of the treasures sent to the British Museum from Nineveh and Persepolis, has undertaken the task of writing a volume, which, within a readable compass, with the help of engravings, will make the unlearned reader

familiar with all that has been yet discovered of the sites of these mighty cities, the seat of an extinct empire and of a bygone civilization, and he has prefaced them with an historical sketch of the countries to which they appertain, the perusal of which will vastly facilitate an understanding of the relics that are afterwards described.

Having briefly, but amusingly, narrated the history of these countries, Mr. VAUX proceeds in his sixth chapter to give an account of the early travellers there. Their discoveries are, however, so totally eclipsed by those of Mr. LAYARD, that the reader passes over them rapidly, eager to arrive at the doings of our energetic, intelligent and brave countryman; and the conclusion of the chapter that narrates them is devoted to a general sketch of Mr. LAYARD's discoveries with regard to the History, Art and Religion of Ancient Assyria, and which constitutes in fact the practical results of his labours, and proves how valuable they are, as bringing back to us, with almost the distinctness of realities, the early life, manners, dress and intellectual acquirements of a people of whom no other portraits have been preserved to us. The two last chapters are devoted to the Monumental Remains of Persia and the Discoveries of Major RAWLINSON, second in interest and importance only to those of Mr. LAYARD.

The volume is profusely embellished with engravings of the antiquities of which it treats. As it is avowedly a compilation, it is a work whose worth extracts would not exhibit; but we would recommend its perusal to all who desire to know what our countrymen have done and are doing in the East towards making our generation acquainted with races of men who lived and flourished and did wondrous things in their day.

The Optimist. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.
London: 1850.

THE object of this collection of essays is to point out the poetical resources of life, amidst the common-place every-day present. And, as such, the object is great and good. To elevate the soul above the worship of Mammon is a truly spiritual mission—it is the advent of a purer faith,—a faith whose works shall be charity, love, reverence. The characteristic of this age is its practical utilitarianism. The *cui bono?* is the weight thrown into every balance. Yet we know there are things the value of which cannot be tested; there are things which can neither be counted nor measured, nevertheless are infinitely desirable. These are subtle essences, sometimes called by poetic names—analysed by philosophers—but felt by all, even by the unlettered labourer when he returns from his work and his children crowd round his knees. Nature, ever munificent in her gifts, has given to even the most humble capabilities of feeling the finest emotions; in every lot there is an inner life, where the spirit moves and works its onward course. From that dwelling-place the soul looks abroad on the world, and sees extraneous things through the prison of its own imaginings. Happy they who make this the medium of their vision. What folly, says the practical man, must we not press on to the goal of success? Where, then, is the time or the use of contemplation,—will it make us a name in the world?—will it fill our coffers? Perhaps not, but it will feed your souls,—it will gladden your hearts, and teach you to look above, beyond, around. The spirit requires nourish-

ment as well as the body, yet the poor spirit is oftentimes made to keep one eternal fast, while the body "eats and drinks," for "tomorrow it knows 'it is not.'" It is strange to think, that every Dutchman even has a soul, within that great body of his, and that there are moments of solitary musing, when that soul asserts its existence, by reminding its jailor that there is something more *real* than that which makes the outward world,—something more desirable than the acquisition of wealth. In the words of our author we will explain our meaning:

It is that principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe; which mellows the pictures of memory into pensive beauty, and irradiates the visions of hope with unearthly brightness; which elevates our social experience by the glow of fancy, and exhibits scenes of perfection to the soul that the senses can never realize. It is the poetical principle. If this precious gift could be wholly annihilated amid the common-place and the actual we should lose the interest of life. The dull routine of daily experience, the same reality of things, would weigh like a heavy and permanent cloud upon our hearts. But the office of this divine spirit is to throw a redeeming grace around the objects and the scenes of being. . . . It is the holy water which, sprinkled on the Mosaic pavement of life, makes vivid its brilliant tints. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness, and grief loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher function than that of consolation. It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a nation of progress, that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavour. All great men are so chiefly through unceasing effort to realize in action, or embody in art, sentiments of deep interest or ideas of beauty. . . . I know it is sometimes said that the era of romance has passed; that with the pastoral, classic, and chivalrous periods of the world, the poetic element died out. But this is manifestly a great error. The forms of society have greatly changed, and the methods of poetical development are much modified, but the principle itself is essential to humanity. No! Mechanical as is the spirit of the age, and wide as is the empire of utility, as long as the stars appear nightly in the firmament, and golden clouds gather around the departing sun, as long as we can greet the innocent smile of infancy, and the gentle eye of woman, as long as this earth is visited by visions of glory, and streams of love, and hopes of heaven; while life is encircled by mystery, brightened by affection, and solemnized by death, so long will the poetical spirit be abroad, with its fervent aspirations and deep spells of enchantment.

Mr. TUCKERMAN is an American, a circumstance well-known, perhaps, to our readers. His first Essay is on "New England Philosophy." He is singularly free from prejudice—he acknowledges the faults,—he sees the deficiencies, of his countrymen. He complains that "trade and politics completely overshadow literature and art." Anticipating the age, he feels the requirements that increased civilization will bring. He desires to elevate their minds above the love of sordid gain—a love which seeks not wealth as the means of rational enjoyment, but with a mixture of the miser's avarice and the gambler's excitement. The following story exemplifies the American characteristics:

A New England merchant, upon leaving a picture-gallery abroad, was observed by his companion to be very thoughtful. Presently he exclaimed, "I have been thinking of nothing but making money all my life. How much there is to learn and to enjoy in this world! Henceforth no thought of business shall enter my mind until I recross the Atlantic. I will study painting and sculpture and music, I will commune with nature, I will ponder the works of departed genius, I will cultivate the society of the intellectual and the gifted." At this point of his harangue he suddenly left his friend's side and darted into a shop they were passing,

apologising, upon resuming the walk, by saying he had merely stopped to inquire the price of tallow!

Though the Essay from which we have quoted is entitled "New England Philosophy"—it is truly catholic in its tendencies; its strictures are applicable, not only to our transatlantic neighbours, but to all those busy buyers and sellers who crowd the thoroughfares of life. In each and all he teaches the oft-repeated truth, that there are desirable things in this prosaic world of ours which even the supposed omnipotence of money cannot buy. The wealth of Cæsar cannot give capabilities for the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature or in art,—to the soulless millionaire all things are insipid, dead, spiritless; in vain his wealth enables him to accumulate all that is "rich and rare;" in vain he transports himself from scene to scene;—the charms of fancy are not for the pampered child of luxury. But the poor student, with his knapsack on his back, inhales the fresh mountain air and feels the beautiful. To him all "sights and sounds" are poetry. His reverence is for the God, not for the Mammon, of the world. His sympathies are excited by adversity, not palled by prosperity. Poverty, like a good appetite, gives to the hungry a keen sense of enjoyment that the pampered epicure can never feel.

Not that the love of nature is an unsupportable concomitant to the possession of wealth, rather, on the contrary, for there must be a certain amount of leisure to enjoy the beauties of creation or the refinements of art. It is not the possession of wealth, but the feverish acquisition of it, that chokes the finer emotions—deadening the soul to the poetry that is around our daily paths. It is in a crusade against this feeling that our author would become a PETER the HERMIT. In his essay on "travel" he says:—

The beings of the mind are not of clay, and he who would enjoy the associations of travel, must have learned to reverence nature and genius, and be a lover of his race; he who would realize its best results, must be an ardent votary of improvement, and open his heart to its teachings. The light which is to throw a halo around the ruin, the picture, and the mountain, must originate in his own mind. The charm that elicits social delight must proceed from himself. The talisman of sympathy, which is to unlock the treasures of travel, must be carried in his own bosom.

One of the most interesting essays in this volume is on "Conversation;" the following remarks are excellent:

There must be, indeed, a magnetic, as well as an intelligent, spirit in conversation, to render it truly attractive. A well-stored mind, correct and fluent language, ready memory, and gracious manners combined, are yet inadequate, unless penetrated by that vital glow and thorough naturalness which makes the difference between humanity and an intellectual machine. Without a certain airiness the wisest talk is oppressive; without a degree of *abandon* it is ungenial; without frankness and ease it is artificial. Thus, a moral duty—a tone borrowed rather from the affections than the will—and a kind of child-like self-oblivion and play of thought underlie and transfuse the best conversation. How rare it is that we encounter the requisite temperament, wit, enthusiasm, and liberality which, united, give birth to so rational and felicitous a pleasure! We have scores of categorical talkers, who, by a kind of local drainage, exhaust the brain and breath with questions; the aphoristic talkers, or Sir-Oracles are found in every clique; the gossip, sentimentalists, Pickwickians, egotists, parlour orators, story-mongers, and Pecksniffs may be heard bragging at every party, until the announcement of supper checks the flood of words by an influx of oysters; but of healthy, sensible yet genial and humorous talkers, what a dearth!

Speaking of humour, he says:

Un tristo, among the Italians, signifies not only a sad but a dangerous character; and the ability to relish a joke is essential not only to good companionship, but to candour. It has to do with the natural sentiments as well as the perceptive organs. Even Michael Angelo, whose genius was of the most dignified order, used to "enjoy the harmless comedy of life." An eye for the ridiculous, a sense of the grotesque in combination and the quaint in character, usually accompany a love of the beautiful and an admiration of the grand. . . . Humour is doubtless intended as the safety-valve of concentrative minds, and its prevalence, in the English race, is owing to their reserve of character, which finds no vent through a mercurial temperament like the French and Italians. It has been often remarked that earnest men excel in humour, and we perceive how benign is the law which thus tempers elements of fearful intensity. In social life, there are no characters which are thoroughly satisfactory except those which unite these fundamental traits, for they only can meet the wants of both mind and heart. We need earnestness in a companion to respond to our affections, to recognize our serious ideas, to reassure our distrustful moods, and to reason with us of "foreknowledge, will, and fate;" we need a sense of the ridiculous, a playful fancy, a capacity of *abandon*, to help to lighten the burden of care, to recreate the weary mind, to make holiday and "fleet the time lightly as they did in the golden age."

This volume of Essays is interesting, though not very original. There are some highly poetical passages, and some excellent little bits of criticism. It is a review of "men and manners," in which the faults of the age are justly satirized; and, what is not often the accompaniment of such invectives, higher objects and nobler purposes of action are suggested. The end and aim of the author is evidently to do good. To all who have such an object we heartily say "God speed." C. A. H. B.

Lincoln's Inn: its Ancient and Modern Buildings, with an Account of the Library. By WILLIAM HOLDEN SPILSBURY, Librarian. London: Pickering. 1850. MR. SPILSBURY's office has enabled him to perform with great credit a very useful task. The New Hall and Library of Lincoln's Inn is one of the architectural ornaments of the metropolis. The site is hallowed by memories of many interesting events and great personages. MR. SPILSBURY has collected these, and in a neat volume has presented to the legal world a full description of the old buildings and their associations; of the new buildings and their inauguration; and of the library, of which he has given, not a bare catalogue, but really a curious bibliographical narrative, so that the lover of old literature will find here much that is new and curious relating to rare and remarkable books, in all branches of literature, the library not being wholly devoted to law, but comprising theology, history, classics and bibliography. For such it may be advantageously consulted by students, for MR. SPILSBURY has followed the convenient plan of naming the subject, as German History, &c., and then particularizing all the books upon that subject to be found in the library. How invaluable would be such a catalogue of the British Museum. And why should we not have such an one?

The Bee-Keeper's Manual, or Practical Hints on the Management of the Honey-Bee. By HENRY TAYLOR. 4th edition. Groombridge.

We are glad to see that this little treatise, already noticed in these columns, has passed into another edition. It is proof that it has been found a useful manual to those who have availed themselves of its instructions.

UNITED SERVICE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE AND GUARANTEE ASSOCIATION.—The distinctive advantage, and one peculiar to the association, is, that it gives a vested and immediate interest in all payments on policies (after three years), by enabling the assured to claim at any time a policy freed from further premiums, for the amounts specified in the tables of the association, with liberty to revive the original policy after medical examination.

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

WE have endeavoured to describe the nature of the advantages secured by this Society to persons having property held upon leases, or of copyhold or lifehold tenure.

We have now to state the admirable arrangement by which the only objection to it has been met.

Every owner of a House, or an Estate held for a term of years is at once conscious of the convenience of having secured to him the return of his purchase-money at the expiration of his lease, but it was objected by some, that in the course of so many years circumstances might change, and that it might not always be convenient to pay the premium, and then it would be hard, by dropping the policy, to sacrifice all that had been already paid.

Feeling the force of this objection, the founder of the Society, who is its Chairman, suggested, and the Directors at once adopted the suggestion, that a proviso be inserted in the policies expressly empowering any holder of a policy upon which five annual premiums have been paid, if he should at any time be desirous of dropping it, to do so, and to receive back from the Society NINE-TENTHS of the total amount of the premiums that have been paid upon such policy.

This affords the most ample protection against the possibility of future inability to keep up the premiums.

Many readers have requested to be informed, by instances which they can understand, how the Society will operate, and what will be the premiums to be paid. The Table of the Premiums will be found appended to the Advertisement in another page of this day's CRITIC, and we will now endeavour to make the plan more intelligible by some familiar instances.

If you have a house for which you gave 200*l.* held for a term of fifty years, and you desire that the money so paid shall not be lost to you, and also to give to the house the value of a freehold should you want to mortgage it, you may do this by insuring it with the Society, for which you will pay an annual premium of 35*s.* 6*d.*—or by paying 40*s.* per annum you will not only receive back the 200*l.* when your lease expires, but also a share of the profits of the Society in the shape of an addition to that sum.

So, if the terms upon which you hold your house are those of a *repairing* lease, that is to say, binding you to paint outside once in three years, inside once in seven years, and at the end of the term to leave the premises in good repair, this Society will engage to provide the means for all this upon your paying an annual premium proportioned to the sum required for the purpose.

When you buy a leasehold you sink your capital. It is true that you give so much the less for it, and if you were to put aside the interest on the difference of price every year and let it accumulate at compound interest, it would reproduce your capital at the end of the term. But nobody ever does so; and if the money were to be put by, it could not, in such small sums, be improved at interest. It is on this account that nobody will lend upon a mortgage of a leasehold more than half its value. The use of assuring a leasehold in the Law Property Assurance Society is this, that you put aside every year the sum required to reproduce your capital, and although you could not use it profitably, because it is so trifling in amount, the Society can profitably employ an aggregate of small annual premiums.

If you buy a leasehold for ninety-nine years for 300*l.* you can secure the repayment of your purchase-money, with accumulated profits, probably doubling it in amount, by payment of only nine shillings and ninepence yearly; and if you or your children wish to put an end to the assurance at any time, you will receive, on delivering up of the policy, nine-tenths of all you have paid upon it from the commencement.

So, if you are asked to advance money on mortgage of a Leasehold on which there are sixty years to run, and the present value of which is 300*l.* you will not lend upon it more than 150*l.* at the utmost, because it diminishes in value every year. But if it be insured with the Law Property Assurance Society for 300*l.* for which the annual premium of 1*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* only will be paid, you will not hesitate to lend upon it very nearly the whole 300*l.*, because, provided the income of the property is sufficient to pay your interest and the premium on the policy, you know it never can be worth less than the amount of the policy, so that it has been made for all such purposes as valuable as freehold.

If you have a term of forty years on a house for which you gave 1,000*l.* and desire to insure the return of the 1,000*l.* when the lease expires, you will have to pay 13*l.* 5*s.* per annum. But forty times 13*l.* 5*s.* amounts only to 530*l.* You will, therefore, pay, on the whole, only 530*l.* but you will receive 1,000*l.*, the difference being made up of the interest and compound interest on the small sums which you could not yourself have improved in this manner, but which a Society is able so to improve for you, and by a trifling addition to this premium you will share also the profits of the Society.

Have we made the principle understood?

So, if you are a Copyholder, you probably will be called upon to pay heriots, or fines, or fees on admissions, upon the death of the person upon whose life the estate is held. You may assure with this Society the means of meeting these claims, whenever they may chance to become due, by paying an annual premium proportioned to the probable value of the life, on the dropping of which they will become payable.

So, if you have a House or Estate held upon lives, you may, by paying a small annual premium to this Society, secure the means for paying the fine required, or renewing the life: or, if the property should pass from you altogether, you can obtain the full value of it when it goes.

We have not yet dwelt upon the advantages of ordinary Life Assurance with this office. The utility of Life Assurance must, we presume, be generally understood by our readers; and there are many competitors for this branch of assurance. But we believe that he will find nowhere so many advantages as by insuring his life with this Society, for it offers moderate premiums and a division of eighty per cent. of the profits; and, as the profits of the whole business, from its extent and variety, must be very great, the profits to be thus divided among those who assure their lives in this office, must be considerably larger than they can hope to obtain elsewhere.

The best proof of this is in the business already done. The Society has not been at work more than ten days at the time we write this, and already it has accepted no less than nine Assurances of Leaseholds, for a total sum of 4,050*l.*, and four Life Assurances for the total sum of 2,000*l.*, and yielding an income of upwards of 130*l.* per annum.

If any reader should desire to assure with this Society, his Leasehold, Copyhold, or Lifehold, or his Own Life or the Life of Another, he has but to address a line to the Secretary, at the Office, 30, Essex-street, Strand, and the necessary forms and instructions for the purpose, will be forwarded to him immediately.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

ANIMAL MAGNETICS.—Baron Reichenbach, formerly known as a very accurate chemist, now known as an investigator into the marvellous doctrines of the animal magnetists, says:—"The adhesion of a living member to a magnet is a fact totally unknown both in physics and physiology, and few persons have satisfied themselves on the point by inspection; it is necessary, therefore, to examine and elucidate it in some measure in this place. When the sick Miss Nowoty lay unconscious and motionless in a cataleptic condition, but free from spasms, and a horse-shoe magnet, capable of sustaining about 22lbs. was brought near her hand, this adhered to it in such a manner that when the magnet was raised, or moved sideways, backwards, or in any position, the hand remained constantly attached to it, as if it had been a piece of iron cleaving to it. The patient remained perfectly unconscious all the while; but the attraction was so strong that when the magnet was drawn down in the direction of the feet, beyond the reach of the patient's arm, she not only did not leave it, but in an unconscious state rose up in the bed and followed the magnet with her hand as long as it was within her reach. Finally, when the magnet was removed beyond its distance of attraction, she was indeed compelled to leave it, but then remained unalterable and unmovable in the position in which she had been placed, according to the well-known manner of cataleptic patients. Another well-selected test was undertaken by M. Baumgartner, well-known in his former capacity of Professor of Physics, at a visit for his own satisfaction. When the phenomena with the magnets had been exhibited to him, and their strange effects upon the patients repeated one after another before his eyes, he took from his pocket a horse-shoe magnet of his own, which he told the bystanders, in the presence of his patient, was the most remarkable of all the magnets in his collection of apparatus, and that which had always proved itself the strongest; he was desirous, therefore, of knowing the strength of the action on the patient. To our astonishment, however, Miss Nowoty declared she could not confirm this; on the contrary, she not only found it much weaker than any, even than the weakest present, but it seemed almost without influence: she did not smell it, she did not taste it, it did not make her hot, and it did not attract her hand at all. M. Baumgartner laughed at our astonishment, and now told us that the horse-shoe magnet, which was, indeed, his best magnet, had been deprived of its magnetism before he left, and, therefore, its power had been reduced almost to nothing, and it was, therefore, little else than a mere plain piece of iron.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

The new opera of the *Tempest*, by MM. HALEVY and SCRIBE, in which the greatest dramatist and the most popular composer of the day have contended for an addition to their fame, will appear at the beginning of next week at Her Majesty's Theatre. Its cast will embrace SONTAG and LABLACHE, BAUCARDE and PARODI, COLETTI and CATHERINE HAYES, F. LABLACHE and IDA BERTRAND, LORENZO, &c. CARLOTTA GRISI, here no longer a dancer, but a *mime*, will enact the "delicate Ariel;" whilst the invisible spirits that constantly follow in attendance upon their ruler will utter

"Sounds and sweet airs that give delight,"

exponent, as was customary in the Greek drama—of the "action eloquent" of the heroine. That extraordinary genius, SCRIBE, who, for the last twenty-five years has supplied dramatic amusement, not only to France in the original, but to all Europe through the copies and imitations, and who, besides, is the greatest of all librettists that ever lived, has, with most curious acumen, drawn from Shakspeare's text itself the changes required for the Italian libretto of an opera, in which the action being veiled by the language and by the music, requires more defined and palpable contour, and more startling

interest. As far as it has transpired, the music of the *Tempest* is a noble combination of Italian melody with German harmony; and LABLACHE's *Caliban* is a grand and supernatural portraiture of *Caliban*. One may easily imagine what an exquisite *Miranda* SONTAG is, and how well adapted COLETTI is for *Prospero*, BAUCARDE for *Ferdinand*; but even the smallest parts—that of *Trinculo*, for example—are performed by first-rate artists. The rehearsal of the *mise en scène*, and of the scenery—on which the most liberal expenditure has been bestowed—have been constant during the last week, under the critical examination of MM. SCRIBE and HALEVY.

CHORAL FUND CONCERT.—On Friday, the 17th of May, the members of the Choral Fund and the Sacred Harmonic Society, united their talent for the assistance of the afflicted and distressed in the profession, their widows and orphans. The subject was *Haydn's Seasons*. Miss BIRCH, Mr. LOCKEY, and Mr. PHILLIPS, took the principal parts. We should have been glad to have heard, with a band and chorus of about 800, a more extensive distribution of the leading pieces. Miss BIRCH, with her usual ease and power sung some of the most difficult parts admirably. Her solo of *There was a Squire*, was given with great effect, and loudly encored. Also the duet between Miss BIRCH and Mr. LOCKEY, *My Constant Lovely Jane*, and Mr. LOCKEY's *Now o'er the Dreary Waste*. Mr. PHILLIPS, too, struck within us a chord of solemn pleasure while contemplating *This Changing Scene*. The choruses were all well performed. We may especially mention, *Marvellous, Lord, are thy Works*, and *Hark, the Tempest rolls along*. The hunting chorus, *Hark, the Merry-ton'd Horn*, was requested a second time. If the proceeds were as satisfactory as was the evening's entertainment, we think, on the whole, all concerned will have been highly gratified.

M. HALEVY.

For the last fifteen years this great composer has enjoyed a high reputation in England, whether from the success of his works in France, or from their reproduction on our own stage. Circumstances have, however, lately combined on all sides to attract general attention towards him. The French composers have lately superseded the Italian *Maestri*, and at the opening of the theatrical campaign in London this year, two of his minor works were given with signal success at St. James's theatre. Another was no less successful at the Princess's. And whilst the Covent Garden establishment announced the production of two of his serious operas, it was found likewise that he had been engaged, in conjunction with M. Scribe, in writing another on the subject of Shakspeare's *Tempest*. On the eve of the production of this work, some account of the life of M. Halevy cannot fail to prove interesting. Fromental Halevy was born in Paris at the beginning of the present century. His father was a German, his mother a French lady. As the boy showed a precocious understanding, and his father, like most of his countrymen, was devotedly fond of philosophy and *belles lettres*, the young Halevy was, at an unusually early age, sent to an academy. However, a few lessons on the pianoforte having been given him with a view to employ his leisure moments, and to vary and relieve his attention, an invincible love of the musical art absorbed all his thoughts. His father finding at last that he could not surmount this propensity, wisely gave way, and placed his son at ten years of age at the great Conservatoire. There, so rapid was his progress, that being only twelve years of age, he won the grand prize of harmony against all his seniors. Soon afterwards he had the still greater good fortune of attracting the attention of one whose name and works will endure as long as the art of music. At thirteen he studied composition under Cherubini. Only two years afterwards, when that great master was obliged to visit London (in 1815), so high an opinion did he entertain of the young Halevy, that he chose him as his temporary substitute to direct his class at the Conservatoire. From this moment the great object of ambition with the young artist was to follow the example of Mozart, and visit the schools of Italy. A new triumph afforded him this opportunity. In 1819, having won the grand prize of composition of the Institute, he was sent by the Academy of France to Rome. He spent three years in Italy, travelling from one great musical city to the other, examining the works of such old composers as Marcello and Palestrina,

and studying under such renowned living masters as Salieri and Zingarelli. From Italy he went to Vienna, purposely to visit one who was the object of his reverence—one who like him had been the favourite pupil of Cherubini—Beethoven. This sublime composer received him kindly, but gave him a melancholy proof that he had lost one of his most perfect and exquisite senses—that of hearing; for to give him a sample of his inspiration, he played on a harpsichord with broken strings, and so totally out of tune as to produce nothing but clashing discords, although the immortal Beethoven did not perceive it. The time was now come when the young Halevy must return to Paris, and show "the mettle of his pasture." His first composition was *Pygmalion*, a work which he offered to the Grande Académie de Musique. It was immediately accepted; and its combination of Italian melody, blended with German harmony, created a great sensation amongst the critics, whose privilege it is to witness the prolonged preparations for producing an opera which are observed at the first lyrical theatres of France. Political troubles, however, soon interfered to prevent the production of this opera. Halevy resumed his studies until 1827. At the beginning of this year he gave the Opera Comique a work entitled *Phidias*. Its success was such that another was immediately demanded. This was the *Artizan*, which fully sustained the opinions entertained of his abilities. Passing over minor works, we must particularly notice an opera which he subsequently gave at the Italiens, in 1829. This was an Italian opera buffa, entitled *Il Dilettante*. It was performed for two consecutive seasons, with immense success, by Malibran, Zucchi, Donzelli, &c. In 1830 he produced at the Académie de Musique a ballet, *Manon L'Escout*; and in 1831, at the same theatre, a ballet opera, *La Tentation*, which was performed not only in Paris, but in all parts of Europe—its catching, sprightly, popular, although highly original melodies, being reproduced on every hand-organ then manufactured for the peripatetic musicians of the streets. In 1832, Herold having suddenly died in all the flush of his triumphs, leaving his score of *Ludovic* imperfect, Halevy undertook the duty of finishing and producing it on the stage; and this year he likewise composed *Les Souvenirs de la Fleur*, for the appearance of the celebrated Martin. In 1835 he produced at the Académie de Musique an opera of the highest pretensions, *La Juive*, whose success was such that it was immediately brought out in every capital in Europe. As if to show the versatility of his genius, he next produced at the Opera Comique *L'Eclair*, which has remained ever since one of the brightest gems of that theatre's repertoire. In 1837 it was the turn of the Académie de Musique to enjoy one of his *chef d'œuvres*; there he produced his grand opera *Guido et Ginevra*, of which one song "*Après la fête*," has become the *cheval de bataille* of every tenor who has since appeared in the musical world. He successively produced works in 1838, *Les Treize et le Sheriff* at the Opera Comique; in 1842, *La Reine de Chypre*, at the Académie; in 1846, *Charles VI.*, at the same theatre. In 1844 he produced the *Guitarero*; and in 1846, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, at the Opera Comique. In 1843, at the earnest request of the director of the Opera Comique, whose theatre had been nearly forsaken, he gave *Le Val d'Andorre*, which was performed 165 times in succession, and restored at once, and in spite of every inauspicious circumstance, the fortunes of that theatre. Last year he was equally successful at the Opera Comique with *La Fee aux Roses*, of which a translation is at this moment performed in London.

ART.

An Inquiry into the Establishment of the Royal Academy of Art. By ROBERT STRANGE. 1775. Edited by WILLIAM CONINGHAM. London: Ollivier.

A CURIOUS protest by Sir ROBERT STRANGE, the celebrated engraver, against the constitution and government of the Royal Academy, at this time having a peculiar interest, when Parliament has deemed it right formally to debate the propriety of giving to a body that claims to be exclusive, as being a *private* society, grants of the public money and the free use of public buildings. The republication of this timely letter, which was addressed to the Earl of BUTE, will strengthen the arguments of the living advocates of a reform in the Royal Academy. The truth is, that they should now be compelled to make a formal choice between being a private or a public body—a society of artists or a national institution. If they prefer the former, so let it be: take from them all public assistance, and let them

provide for themselves, and let a new really National Academy of Art be formed on a more liberal basis, as becomes our country and our age. If the latter, then let there be an entire reform in the constitution of the Academy, opening it to genius in art wherever found, and making it truly what it now only pretends to be. Then the people would be pleased and proud to provide for their academy buildings that should vie with any in Europe. But it is too bad to thrust out our national pictures, and then assert that they owe no obedience to the nation, and that they are a private society, with which neither Parliament nor press has a right to interfere!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

HAVING disposed of the life-sized pictures,* let us return to the Great or East room, and, stopping before the first work dealing with the human form in action, Mr. FROST's, *The Disarming of Cupid* (No. 15), consider its meanings. In truth, it has none. We may stand here for hours, and the mind will, at their close, be enriched with no new idea, will have held no communication with the mind of another; received nothing, and discovered no more. There is a quotation from Shakspeare in the catalogue, which tells us how the God of Love, being asleep, was robbed of his arrows by a nymph vowed to chastity; and the picture itself is a quotation from Mr. FROST. For how many years more are these smooth lifeless unlikeliest faces to simmer, these limbs to pose and curl, these arms to remain waving? How many times more is this year's sea-green nymph to be last year's pink nymph, and the light and dark hair to be equally and impartially distributed to an undetermined multiple of one and the same face? Yet it may fairly be urged that Mr. FROST has a right to do as he pleases with his own; and far be it from us to assert that he is indebted to nature for his ideal of the female countenance. Our readers will not, of course, expect us to enter into any description of the action of the several figures: they, themselves, when exclaiming "how charming!" or "how sweet!" as the case may be, never add "how true!" so that there is no call for us to say "untrue, because of this and this." There is another work by Mr. FROST, *Andromeda* (No. 304), where the subject requires expression,—benumbed terror and the mockery of malicious triumph, the lines quoted from Milton implying that the sea-nymphs must be exulting over their rival's fall: the artist has succeeded to the extent of pushing convention, in the attitude of *Andromeda*, into impossibility; while the nymphs smirk with their customary complacency—neither more nor less. With this, we might say that we have done with Mr. FROST for the present year, but for remembering that he will probably exhibit for many yet to come; that, be his future works ten, or twenty, or fifty, we should still, in speaking of them, be noticing those of this year.

Mr. F. R. PICKERSGILL's nymphs differ from Mr. FROST's by something of the same space as might exist between a doll which, having put on humanity, has grown to the size of a woman, and a high-art wax-work. The latter are more firm and consistent; the former retain the pulpiness of infancy, and stare with the glass eyes of their primitive status. We may refer, for confirmation, to Mr. PICKERSGILL's *Pluto carrying away Proserpine, opposed by the Nymph Cyane* (No. 264), as compared with the *Andromeda* just mentioned; observing further that, whereas Mr. FROST brings his pictures up to the point he is capable of desiring them to reach, in Mr. PICKERSGILL, when on his present tack, there is more of wilful imbecility, clearly conceived, boldly aimed at, and worked out with an uncompromising contempt for his real self. Last week we likened this gentleman to an amalgam of the Venetian colourists, Mr. ETTY, and Mr. FROST; in the work now under review we are struck by the resemblance in Pluto and Cupid to the late Mr. HOWARD; while the plagiarism from the artist of the Mr. SKELT, dear to our childish days, is too evident in the horses to escape detection. As regards Mr. PICKERSGILL's third picture, *A Scene during the Invasion of Italy by Charles VIII.* (No. 552), it is painful to be

compelled in truth to say that the artist, who was originally Mr. HOOK's model of style, is here something very like an imitator of that same Mr. HOOK. We turn with a degree of pleasure to Mr. PICKERSGILL's watercolour *Sketches from the Story of Imelda* (No. 1043.) If these are recent works, the artist is evidently still capable of his own style, still retains some feeling for purity of form and sentiment. The story is told in three compartments. The first is not in any way remarkable: the second, where Imelda sees her lover's blood trickling through from under the closed door, is vividly imagined; there is poetry in the last. Imelda is dead in her efforts to suck the poison from the wounds of her lover, and the two lie together: a thin leafless tree in the shadow of the wall bends outside into the moonlight which makes the stone steps deathly cold.

Mr. C. H. LEAR has this year taken the subject of his single small picture (No. 172) from Keats:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit-ditties of no tone:"—

Or rather, he, working from his own poetical resources, has found a sympathetic echo in the words of a brother poet. The "heard melody" is indeed "sweet," so sweet that the "unheard" may scarcely exceed it: but the parallel is unnecessary; they are like voice and instrument. This picture should hang in the room of a poet: we will dare to say that Keats himself might have lain dreaming before it, and found it minister to his inspiration. Here we will not stand to discuss trivial shortcomings in execution; believing that, when Mr. LEAR undertakes—as we hope he will not long defer doing—a subject combining varied character, and whose poetry shall be of the real as well as the abstract, he will see the necessity of not denying to his wonderful sentiment, which has already more than once accomplished so much by itself, the toilsome but indispensable adjunct of a rigid completeness.

While we are still within the magic circle of the poetic—the truly and irresponsibly pleasurable in art, let us turn to Mr. KENNEDY's *L'Allegro* (438.) Mr. KENNEDY lounges (no less than Mr. FROST picks his way) in his own footsteps year after year; and his pictures have much less to do with nature than with his own nature. Mr. FROST is self-conscious—timorously so; Mr. KENNEDY is less alive to his identity than to his ideal, but lazy enough in all things. His picture of this year, like those of former years, does not seem to deal in any way with critical requirements; it simply affords great delight. The landscapes we have all known in our dreams; only Mr. KENNEDY remembers his, and can paint them. The figures are of that elect order which Boccaccio fashioned in his own likeness: they will play out the rest of the sunlight, no doubt, in that garden: in the evening their wine will be brought them, and the music will be played less sluggishly in the cool air, and those white-throated ladies will not be too languid to sing. Surely they are magic creatures; they shall stay all night there, surely it shall be high noon when they wake, there shall be no soil on their silks and velvets, and their hair shall not need the comb, and the love-making shall go on again in the shadow that lies again green and distinct; and all shall be as no doubt it has been in that Florentine sanctuary (if we could only find the place) any ten days these four hundred years. From time to time, however, a poet or a painter has caught the music, and strayed in through the close stems: the spell is on his hand and his lips like the sleep of the Lotos-eaters, and his record shall be vague and fitful; yet will we be in waiting, and open our eyes and our ears, for the broken song has snatches of an enchanted harmony, and the glimpses are glimpses of Eden.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

OUR experience of former exhibitions at the gallery of this society inclined us, at first sight, to consider this year's as somewhat deficient in interest, and the result of a closer inspection is rather satisfaction at respectability than a conviction of the presence of any very high qualities in intellect. It cannot be said that the new society numbers in its ranks so many artists of original views or elevated practice as its elder original;

a fact which we here state more in hope for the future than disparagement of the present. Meanwhile there is, among these 329 contributions, quite enough to praise, if not highly to admire as conceptive achievement.

The chief work of the year, in subject as well as treatment, is Mr. WEHNERT's (193), *Caxton reading the first Proof-sheet from his Printing Press in Westminster Abbey, March, 1474.* This artist has now attained an excellence which we scarcely expect him ever to surpass. Consistent in intention, well grounded in the mechanical appliances of art, correct, always broad and solid in execution, it would not be easy to fix on any point of practice as likely to be carried further, or on any quality of mind native to the painter as admitting of completer development. We believe that any deficiency perceptible in his works arises not from falling short, for all that is clearly grasped in thought appears to be attained in the mode of expression, but from the absence of some harmonising and overruling principle; and it appears to us that Mr. WEHNERT has never shown signs of the ideal or creative faculty, that noblest essential of the pictorial as of all the other fine arts. He always paints good pictures, sensible, well-considered, artistic combinations, he does not imagine great purposes. Not, indeed, that his selection of subject can be accused of narrowness or want of elevation; it is the conception that re-creates the subject, making it vivid and absolute as fact more than as imitation of fact, that seems to be wanting. But let us not, in insisting on what there is not to admire, overlook what there is. The story of the work is very clearly told, and in good art language. Caxton seated, contemplates the result of his labour; to the left, a friend leans over his shoulder following the motion of his eyes, and Wynkyn de Worde and his other three assistants are grouped together on his right side, equally anxious as Caxton himself. Behind, a girl enters with a tray bearing refreshment; she seems to smile at the one concentration of interest, and a young man motioning to her, appears, as we understand his action, to enjoin her not to disturb them in entering. A strongly-built man holding the type, his assistant grinding ink, and a youth climbing a ladder (with what purpose we scarcely know), complete the composition. The life of the picture is more apparent in the group of young men and in the serving girl than in the other principal figures, whose importance depends more on their position and the nature of the subject than on strong pictorial characterization. The atmosphere is highly appropriate to the place, and the correctness of drawing and treatment complete and forcible enough not to be striking. The work is being engraved by Messrs. HERING and REMINGTON, and is not more sure of obtaining popularity than of deservedly enhancing the artist's reputation.

Mr. WEHNERT's only competitor this year is Mr. HAGHE, whose companion-pictures, the *Miseries of War*, and a *Guard-room* (39 and 52), show his powers to advantage. The former is not so definitely realized in subject as might be desired: a representation of misery, while none the less good for being quiet, should possess in intensity and concentration whatever it may lack in obviousness; and Mr. HAGHE does not here show striking mastery over any of these qualities. It is in the decision of the working, and in the truth of effect, uniform, creditable, that the chief merits of the work are to be found—merits equally prominent, and, from the nature of the subject, more satisfying in the *Guard-room*. Mr. HAGHE's third work is No. 225, *A Sebel, or Public Reservoir for the Gratuitous supply of Water.* "The Sebel," as the catalogue informs us, "is generally attached to the mosque, and on the top of it is an open *Kuttah*, or free school for children." Various wayfarers are represented as availing themselves of the blessing offered to them. An old man, seated in the middle of the composition, is being supplied by a female: an Arab warrior, propped on his musket, reposes himself before pursuing his way; and a woman, having refreshed herself, is giving suck to her infant. The most suggestive figure is that of another female in the foreground, who appears to have sunk down through exhaustion: her pitcher slips from her relaxed and listless hold. There is something of a French hardness in the picture, and one, especially, of the actors in the scene—a man, occupying a prominent position, and forming the apex of the group, is wanting in action and character: nor is there enough heat in the atmosphere. A sunlight—burning and absorbing—would be the explanation of the

* Having, since writing our commencing notice, again visited the Academy, we perceive it to have been by mistake that we included among these Mr. THOMAS's *Alfred and the Pilgrim*. This picture is considerably below life-size; yet our error in the matter of fact may, perhaps be regarded as no slight confirmation of the correctness in theory of our remarks.

subject: as it is, it serves merely to contrast with the sober shade which chiefly prevails. The truth of light and shadow in Mr. HAGHE's European interiors, by suggesting how far mechanical power would have seconded a deeper purpose, tends to increase our regret.

Neither the President of the Society, Mr. WARREN, nor Mr. ABSOLON is in force this year. *Christ with his Disciples in the Cornfield* (75), by the former gentleman, is absolutely destitute of elevation. The heads are in the most approved traditions of the "Annual" school of Art: nature seems scarcely to have been at all consulted, much less studied. Is this indeed a sacred subject? There is at least an intention of gradeur in Mr. WARREN's smaller work, *The Wise Men from the East on their way* (No. 27), and as much vastness as lies in bare level surface and blue universal. Mr. ABSOLON's *Joan of Arc* (No. 65) contemplating, in prison, the garb that recalls her glory, does not realize anything of nobler import than a girl brooding over the prohibited allurements of a masquerade dress, or the morrow of a carnival-night spent in the violon. *The Penserosa* and *Allegra* (Nos. 76 and 79), have not pretensions aiming beyond prettiness, and are moderately successful; but Mr. ABSOLON's poverty of colour—in these as in No. 185 (*a Cottager*), is forcibly prominent by very excess of feebleness.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. FARADAY lately paid a visit to the National Gallery, by order of the trustees, for the purpose of investigating and reporting on the condition of the old pictures therein contained. The limited scale of the rooms, the condensation of vapour on the pictures in consequence, and other atmospheric influences to which in their present position they are exposed, are said to have an injurious effect on these priceless works, and to suggest the necessity of their removal to some less tainted situation.—The total produce of the sale of the late Ety's works was 5,211*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*—There is no exhibition of the works of Water Colour Painters in America, and in consequence of the National Academy of Design having refused to hang up any drawing in their new rooms this season at New York, an effort is making to form an Association of Water Colour Painters, to exhibit their works during the ensuing Autumn.—One of the most ancient specimens of Italian painting has been discovered at Peschia. This picture represents St. Francis and the principal miracles of his life, painted on a gold ground, as was customary in the early periods of the art. Underneath the face of the saint are the words *Bonaventura Derlinghieri Lucca pinxit, 1235*. This work of art is at present deposited in the Church of Saint-François (*al Prato*).—The Prussian Government has determined on erecting, in the Park of the Hotel of Invalids, in that city, a monument in honour of the soldiers who lost their lives in the insurrection of the 18th of March, 1848. It will consist of a bronze column, 100 feet in height, surmounted by an eagle with expanded wings, also in bronze.—It is said that Mr. Wyon, R.A., has been commissioned by the East India Company to prepare a die for a gold medal, to be presented to Major Edwardes, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by that officer during the recent war in the East; that as it is intended solely for the major the die will be destroyed as soon as the medal is struck, so that no duplicate shall exist.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The appearance of FREZZOLINI has been the musical event of the last fortnight. She has proved her title to the high fame she has enjoyed upon the Continent. Her *Adina* in the *Elisir D'Amore*, on Saturday last, was a masterpiece. In brilliancy and sweetness she is unrivalled, even by GRISI, who excels her only in power, and the compass of her voice is astonishing, sustaining D perfectly. Then she is a perfect mistress of her art, throwing off the most difficult passages as if she was playing with them, and the surest ear cannot discover a defect in a single note. But FREZZOLINI has other attractions. She is handsome and intelligent, an excellent actress, and reads her part admirably, giving to the finest execution of the music that charm of *expression* without which science and skill are uninteresting. Her *Adina*, though not precisely the sort of character for which she is adapted, was well sung, and in some

parts well played. The "*Prendi, per me sei libero*," was perfect, and went straight to the heart. The other characters in this opera were well sustained. LABLACHE was gloriously comic in *Doctor Dulcamara*, and CALZOLARI maintained his fame by the exquisite feeling with which he sung *Una furtiva lagrima*. The great event of the season, however, is to be the production of HALEVY's new Opera of *La Tempesta*,—a noble subject, which might inspire to greatness a less accomplished composer. Of this *maestro*, a memoir will be found below, and our next will probably report the result of his labours. The libretto of this long-expected opera is founded on SHAKSPERE's *Tempest*. *Ariel* is to be personated by CARLOTTA GRISI, *Miranda*, by SONTAG, *Prospero*, by COLLETTI, and *Caliban*, by LABLACHE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The attractions here continue to be of a very high order. The last great production has been *Roberto il Diavolo*, in which GRISI has taken the part of *Alice*, under the great disadvantage of being directly contrasted with JENNY LIND. Nor was it well adapted for her style. It is too soft and gentle a character. GRISI excels in passionate emotions, and it was only in the passionate scene here that she appeared worthy of her fame. TAMBERLIK played *Roberto* very finely, and MARIO's *Rambaldo* was a successful endeavour to make a good deal out of a very slight part. CASTELLAN, as the *Princess*, surpassed herself, and proved that she has capacities even yet which remain to be developed. She has not attained the highest point at which she may aim. FORMES was an admirable *Bertram*, making up wonderfully, and powerfully expressing with his great wild voice the tones that might be expected to be uttered by so equivocal a personage. The scenery is splendid. The ruined chapel, the nuns rising from their graves, and the unearthly dance, were more perfectly put upon the stage than we have ever seen them. None of our readers, who have the opportunity, should fail to witness this representation of MEYERBEER's famous opera, should it be repeated. The orchestra, as usual, was unexceptionable. In itself it is worth the cost and time of a visit to the Italian Opera. It is without a rival in the world.

LYCEUM.—Whitsuntide has brought some novelties to attract the *habitués* of the theatres, and at the fashionable establishment, so ably conducted by Madame VESTRIS, we have had what is called in play-bill phraseology, a "thoroughly *apropos* revue, entitled *Novelty Fair, or Hints for 1851*." The projected Exposition forms the subject of a piece which is somewhat inferior to the general run of those that are produced at this house. The scenery, however, is excellent, and the several *tableaux* exceedingly beautiful. The *British Lion*, unctuously played by Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS, undertaking the part of *showman*, gives utterance to allusions, political and universal, which satirically criticise the issues of the past, from the year 1 to the year 1851, and is ably supported in his censures and vaticinations by the year 1851, Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, who vocally illustrates the sarcasms and witticisms that belong to his part in a series of rapidly enunciated songs, the merit of which appeared to us to consist in the velocity with which they were poured forth. The specimens of the *Industry of All Nations*, embodied in several beautiful *tableaux*, are, firstly, the *Industry of Spain*, which displays a lovely picture of negative labour, where all is indolence and idleness; secondly, the *Industry of Italy*, a charming piece of *Dolce Far niente* still life; thirdly, the *Industry of France*, where tumult and the barricades are supposed to subvert utility and employment. *Britannia* (Miss ST. GEORGE) actively reforms the state of things, and under her banner a universal union restores the world to honest labour and its reward. The piece was successful, and has been ascribed to the joint pens of Mr. TOM TAYLOR and Mr. ALBERT SMITH. It is the *novelty* of the season.

THE STRAND.—Of a high order of merit is the Whit Monday entertainment provided at this house by the management. Verily Mr. TOM TAYLOR's unaided efforts are superior to those in which he resorts to alien invention for climaxes of wit or figments of fancy! At the New Strand he has given us a Whitsun morality, entitled *The Philosopher's Stone*; a piece which not only embodies a sound and wholesome moral, but conveys the lesson in a prettily modelled series of events, carried along in flowing language, and sprinkled over with scintillating bits of wit. The whole is rendered attractive by scenery of a superior description. No originality has been attempted in the plot, which is almost discovered in the title. *Paracelsus* (Mr. LEIGH MURRAY), out of the superabundance of opulence, in luxury and idleness, reaps nothing but *enmity* and discontent. All the pleasures "under the sun" have

palled upon his taste from excessive indulgence; the good actions he performs are of non-effect, inasmuch as they are done to divert his mind more than for the lasting good of others, and it is not until the loss of wealth, and the absolute dominion over his fate of poverty unto starvation, come within his experience, that he is taught the true value, not only of life, but of riches. The principal agent of these changes in his mental economy is *Veitchen* (Mrs. STIRLING) a humble flower-girl, whose wise yet gentle admonitions, and most pathetic, unselfish love are exquisitely portrayed by the charming actress we have named. Two comic parts, *Platz*, a "cross between a tiger and a doctor's boy," and *Katchen*, "a lady in waiting for a husband," cleverly rendered by Mr. COMPTON and Miss MARSHALL. There were some stinging hits at the Socialist and Chartist principles, and similar schemes of pseudo-philanthropy; and altogether we went away from the *Philosopher's Stone* with amended hearts and an innocent cheerfulness, highly complimentary to the piece.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On the 13th of May, HOME's fine old tragedy of *Douglas* was represented here most effectively. Miss GLYN is steadily advancing to the very highest status of tragic assumption, and her *Lady Randolph* may be classed with her *Cleopatra*, *Isabella*, and *Bianca*, as amongst the finest creations of artistic genius we have ever witnessed. The *Young Norval* of Mr. G. K. DICKINSON was a vivid and earnest exhibition, replete with tenderness and delivered with graceful energy. Both these gifted actors know how to confine their impersonations within the strict limits prescribed by nature and good taste. The superfluous rant and indecorous frenzy of actions to which the novice and the uncultivated student of truth and beauty resort, are carefully avoided by them. Miss GLYN's attitudes are grand and beautiful, and her voice clear, harmonious, and impressive. The part of *Old Norval* was picturesquely played by Mr. GRAHAM, a very intelligent and clever actor. Mr. G. BENNETT was the *GLENALVON*, a part well suited to his somewhat over-emphatic style of acting. Mr. MELLON was the *Lord Randolph*, and pretty THERESA BASANO played the little part of *Anna* very gracefully. This theatre closed on the 25th for the season. Mr. PHELPS deserves a high compliment for getting up, on the 16th May, a play for the benefit of the Grand Exhibition of 1851. It was under the express patronage of H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and the house was crammed. The play was *Henry the Eighth*, prologued by an address spoken by Mr. PHELPS, and written by R. H. HORNE, Esq. The same gentleman, the poet of *Orion*, and the clever author of *The Spirit of the Age*, also played *Shylock*, a scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, of which the kindest critic will be he who says the least. A concert followed, and the whole concluded with the farce of *The Silent Woman*.

THE ADELPHI.—Here we have had a sort of comic interlude, entitled *Jack in the Green*, or *Hints on Etiquette*, in which the comic onus rests on the drollery of WRIGHT, and the piquant whimsicalities of PAUL BEDFORD, who assumes the part of a chimney-sweep. The piece shows French blood, and the adaptation is attributed to Mr. MORRIS BARNET.

THE PANORAMA.—This most pleasing and instructive species of exhibition is just now flourishing amazingly, and the variety would be perplexing only that, even as a matter for improvement and study, it would be wise to visit all. The most interesting are that of *The Nile*, exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, which presents to us, beautifully painted, the wonders to be seen on the banks of that renowned river. That of the *Lakes of Killarney*, in Leicester Square, is so delicious a scene that we feel loth to leave it, although in other compartments we are introduced to the *Polar Regions* represented in their reality and *Pompeii* as it is.

THE COLOSSEUM is one of the most interesting of the Spring sights at this time, combining a multitude of attractive objects such as no other exhibition in Europe can offer.

CREMORNE GARDENS have been opened for the season, newly decorated and provided with many attractive sources of amusement. They afford a delightful evening's recreation.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

THOM, THE SCULPTOR.

FROM an American paper (*the Newark Advertiser*) we extract the following notice of the death of the self-taught Ayrshire sculptor, who attracted some notice in his own country about twenty years ago. We notice with regret the death of James Thom, the sculptor, who

expired at his lodgings in New York, a short time since. Mr. Thom came to this country from Scotland some twelve or fourteen years ago, in pursuit of a person who had been previously sent over by the proprietors to exhibit his Tam O'Shanter and Old Mortality, but who, we believe, made no returns or report of his proceedings. Arriving in New York, he traced him, the delinquent—a fellow Scotchman, of some shrewdness and address—to this city and here recovered, if we rightly remember, a portion of the money for which it appeared these admirable works had been sold, and transmitted it to the proprietors, who had been his benefactors, concluding to remain here himself to pursue his profession. In exploring the country in this vicinity for stone adapted to his purposes, he brought into notice the fine freestone quarry at Little Falls, which has since become so famous, having furnished the stone for the Court House in this city, Trinity Church in New York, and many other public buildings in various parts of the country. With this stone he reproduced the two groups already named, executed an imposing statue of Burns, and fulfilled various orders for ornamental pieces for pleasure grounds. The copy of the Old Mortality group—including the pious old Presbyterian and his Pony, with the familial presence of the immortal genius which made them the property of the universal mind—was sold at a fair price, to the proprietors of Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia, and is now the appropriate frontpiece of that specious city of the dead. Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny keep "watch and ward" at the entrance of the hospitable mansion of our friend Roswell L. Colt, Esq., at Paterson. It is upon these incomparable works that the fame of the Ayrshire sculptor must chiefly rest. They are, beyond a doubt, the best illustrations of his peculiar genius; and so we believe he himself considered them; though, like most other men of his class, he was always anticipating the time and opportunity when he would surpass them. That "more convenient season" never came. The Tam O'Shanter first raised him into notice, from the condition of an obscure stone-cutter, without antecedent, education, or the slightest knowledge of the "schools"—conciliated the admiration of his own countrymen, and secured for him fame and employment in the world of London. In that metropolis he received numerous orders for busts, which were, we believe, creditably executed in the favourite Scotch grey stone, with which he had been familiar. Thom had a strong predilection for architecture, and, fancying that he could excel in that department of art, gave considerable attention to it, but we are not aware that he produced anything remarkable, beyond a few designs that were never executed. When it was concluded to build Trinity Church with the Little Falls stone, Tom made an advantageous contract to do the stone-cutting, and executed much of the fine carving for that costly architectural blunder. Owing to some misunderstanding with the architect or the committee, he left the work, however, before it was completed, and, having realised considerable profits, purchased a farm near Ramapo, in Rockland county, on the line of the Erie Railroad, and gratified his fancy by putting up a house after one of his own conceptions. Since that time we have had no knowledge of his pursuits, but believe that he abandoned a profession in which, with due cultivation, he might have attained the highest rank.

MISS JANE PORTER.

THE well-known authoress of the "Scottish Chiefs," and many other standard novels and romances, expired at the residence of her brother, Dr. W. Ogilvie Porter, Portland-square, Bristol, on Thursday week, from a second attack of pulmonary apoplexy. Miss Porter was in her 74th year, and maintained to the last moment not only her intellectual faculties unimpaired, but that cheerfulness of disposition for which she had been so much admired during her long life.

GAY LUSSAC.

THE papers of last week record the death of Gay Lussac, at the age of 71. His age we should have imagined to be greater, so long has he been before the world. We have read in early youth his wonderful ascents in balloons, and his poetic as well as scientific descriptions of what he saw and felt; we have heard of his name as a well-tried searcher into nature, reposing for a long time on his laurels; and we

have seen his pupils rising into distinction. Among these may be counted Professor Liebig. The history of his intellectual life would be the history of modern chemistry; and the history of his external life would be the history of the rising power of scientific men. He himself was a peer of France, but he did not forget that his calling was to be a student of nature.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THERE is an incessant talk about the Laureateship, but the authorities say little, and do nothing. A writer in the *Daily News* suggests that a poetess should be laureate under a Queen; and Douglas Jerrold hints that, if the office of Court poet be abolished, "that the salary that would otherwise cease with it should endow the post of keepership of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon. If the Court bays—with the Court cap and bells—are to be cast aside, at least let the salary that recommended the laurel reward a worthier office—that of *custos* of the hearth of the world's teacher. 'Warden of the house of Shakespeare, vice post of Poet Laureate abolished'—would, I am bold to think, be a no less grateful than graceful announcement, if officially set forth to the people of England." The hint is worthy consideration.

The 61st anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund was celebrated on Friday evening week by the usual banquet, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The chair was taken by Mr. Justice Talfourd. The report stated that the receipts for the last year had been 2,117*l.* The grants made amounted to 41 in number, and to 1,325*l.* in total amount. They were thus apportioned:—

Class I. History and Biography ...			4	Grants... £200
II. Biblical Literature.....			3	" ... 135
III. Science and Art.....			5	" ... 135
IV. Topography and Travels...			4	" ... 125
V. Education			3	" ... 65
VI. Poetry			8	" ... 205
VII. Essays and Tales			8	" ... 225
VIII. Drama			3	" ... 125
IX. Law			1	" ... 50
X. Medicine			1	" ... 20
XI. Miscellaneous			1	" ... 40

The subscriptions amounted to about 750*l.*—The *Guardian* states that a meeting of persons desirous to do honour to the memory of Wordsworth, was held on Monday week at the house of Mr. Justice Coleridge. It was attended by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of St. David's, the Dean of St. Paul's, Archdeacon Hare, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Cavendish, and several other gentlemen. The results of it are expected to be made public in a few days. A great number of eminent and distinguished persons sent their names to the meeting as wishing to co-operate in carrying its object into effect. Heart Leap Well, the scene of one of Wordsworth's most romantic poems—"The White Doe of Rylstone," is situated on a wild tract of barren moor, near the road leading from Richmond to Leyburn in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was until lately marked by four yew trees which grew around it. But three of these have disappeared under the withering hand of time or mischievous wayfarers, and nothing now remains to point out the spot to the many tourists who visit the neighbourhood but one poor half-dead tree.—A Royal Sign Manual Warrant has been issued, granting a pension of 25*l.* a-year to Mrs. Harriett Waghorn, widow of the late Lieut. Thomas Waghorn, "in consideration of the eminent services of her late husband."—Mr. Stephenson, the English engineer, was lately invited by the federal government of Switzerland to go to that country to lay out certain lines of railway; but he has just notified that he cannot accept the invitation before the end of the month of August; and, in consequence of this, the department of public works has engaged Mr. Gooch, another English engineer, to go to Switzerland in June.—The Lancashire Public School Association have published an "Address to the People of England and Wales," on the subject of national education. The address is an appeal in support of the scheme of secular education set forth by the Association in previous circulars and in public meetings held in Manchester and in other towns.—The King of Denmark has just presented Mr. J. R. Hind with a

gold medal for the discovery of the comet of February 6, 1847, which was visible at noon-day, shortly before perihelion. The motto or inscription is "Non frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus." Mr. Hind has also received from the Academy of Sciences at Paris a prize on the Lalande foundation, for the discovery of Iris and Flora in the year 1847.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ST. GEORGE.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

NO. IV.

THE DESOLATION OF EGYPT.

No morn unsmirched with vapour! the red sun
Rolled, like a fiery globe, up to the poise;
Then burnt its downward are through fretted air,
That fused to finest dust! The great gaunt moon
Hung, like a spectre, 'mongst old Egypt's clouds,
That domed it but as death-lamp! Wane stars
Shone, with fine spears, through desolated heaven,
Emptied of all its blue, and harshly hung
With biting fires that clung hungrily!
Temples, and tombs, and people, and great bones
Of man and horse, and idle chariot wheels
Fixed in firm sand, and things that lost all shape
In the sharp horror of that doleful tide,
Mingled as objects in some drifting dream.
The reapers shied in fear; and o'er the land
A cloud, like night, would come, and from the east
Spread silent terror, till the thunder came.
Men died in field and city: cattle fell
Struck by a poison; and the very clouds
Grew green in the fell breath of this dread Thing!
Men called it Dragon; but it woke to spells,
And winged far inland from its sulphur'd hole,
Like monster shell, morn hollow in the cliffs.
The King, upon his throne, sat, 'midst his guards,
And shook in hourly fright: for when the day
Drew to its close, a bat-like twilight gloomed,
Men from the plains rushed, heedless, and poured out
Their terror at his feet; and as the darkness
Thicken'd the one half sky, the wall uprose
That Egypt now had learned too well to know!
Arm, arm, celestial powers! be a shield
To that vowed daughter of her dusky gods,
And bless the cross that saves! the rankest hell
Burns from the jaws of that malignant beast.
Battle, brave knight, and thy bright-bladed sword
Shall light thee through the monster's hold, until
His very den shine with thy victory!

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

A MOTIVE MIND.—God hath allotted man a motive mind, which is ever climbing to more perfection, or falling into a lower vice.—*Owen Feltham.*

LICKING AN EDITOR.—The following ludicrous affair is said to have "come off" somewhere "out west" lately: [Editor in his sanctum, discovered writing.—A six foot customer approaches with a newspaper in his hand.] Visitor (pointing out a particular article).—Look here, Mister, did you write that? Editor.—I did. Visitor (laying off his coat).—Well, I've got to whip you, so you had better peel. Editor.—Indeed! but I prefer not being whipped. Visitor.—Can't help it—got to do it. You'd be better pulling off that coat, or I might spile it for you. Editor (drawing a "revolver").—Thank you, Sir; I believe I'll keep my coat on. Visitor.—What! you're not a g'oin' to use that shootin' iron, are you? Editor.—Not unless you render it necessary. Visitor.—Now, see here, stranger, that's not gentlemanly. Jest lay that thing aside, and let's take it out in a way that's becomin'. Editor.—Sorry not to be able to oblige you; but I can't positively. Visitor (putting on his coat and retiring).—Well, if you're that sort of a fellow, I want nothing to do with you; you're beneath the notice of a respectable citizen.—Exit.—*American paper.*

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Because the angels in the Heavens above,
Devoutly singing unto one another,
Can find amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "mother,"
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you;
You who are more than mother unto me,
Filling my heart of hearts, where God installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the dead I loved so dearly,
Are thus more precious than the one I knew,
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul life.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this title a periodical collects and diffuses the information required or possessed by its readers on literary matters. A column of THE CRITIC may, perhaps, be usefully devoted to the same good purpose. Any reader requiring information on any topic, should forward his query, and readers who can answer it are requested to do so.]

GRAY'S ELEGY.

Of Gray's Elegy numerous translations into different languages have been published, *e. g.* :

German.—By Müller, Gotter, Kosegarten, Rupprecht.
French.—By Dubois, Cabanis, Chénier, Fayolle, Kérivalant, Grenus, Charrin, Le Mièrre, Courret-Villeneuve, Guédon, de Berchère, Fontanes, &c.

Portuguese.—By Boudard.

Italian.—By Torelli, Trant, Cesarotti, Genari, Lastri, Baraldi, Castellazzi, Buttura, Leoni, &c.

Latin.—By Costa, D'Austey, Barberini, Venturi, Bene.

Greek.—By Cyprianio, Cooke, Roberts.

Most of these translations have been issued in a collection published by A. Torri, bearing the title: *L'elegia di Tommaso Gray sopra un cimitero di campagna, tradotta dell' inglese in più lingue, &c.* Verona, 1817.

This collection contains also a *Hebrew* translation by G. Venturini, one of Italy's greatest Oriental scholars. In his translation he has followed the rule to use only words that are found in the Old Testament, and he did not only find single words, but whole phrases, which led him to the supposition that Gray had drawn the whole of his Elegy from the Bible. By way of exhibiting this more clearly, he has adjoined to his *Hebrew* translation the corresponding passages from the Vulgate, quoting their respective places with great accuracy.

As a curious specimen, we subjoin the first four stanzas, giving first the English original to facilitate the comparison :

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing heard winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

VULGATE.

Judg. xix. 9. Dies ad occasum vergit. En sonitus tubae.

Jer. xxxi. 24. Et agricolae lassae agentes per turmas suas.

Ps. viii. 8. Oves et boves omnes ad praecipia sua, Job x. 21. Mundo mihi et tenebrae caliginis relicto.

Ps. xxxi. 1. In umbra mortis sedet terra et plenitudo ejus.

Zach. ii. 13. Silet omnis caro a facie noctis.

Ezek. vii. 11. Solum volitant crabrones perstreptentes, quia non est requies in eis ;

Jer. vi. 5. Et dulcor fit somnus pastoribus et gregibus eorum ;

Jer. xii. 10. Et conqueritur bubo in deserto solitudinis.

Ps. viii. 4. Ad lunam et stellas coeli.

Num. xv. 18, 19. De iis, qui venerunt in terram regionis ejus, regnum silentii ;

Isa. xvi. 3. Turbantes noctem et umbram ejus tanquam in meridie ;

Isa. xli. 19. Prope ulmum et buxum semper virentem ;

Hos. xii. 11. Sub acervis, qui apparent super pulverem agri ;

Jer. li. 39. Dormiunt somnum sempiternum quiescentes.

Prov. i. 33. Rusticani patres, timore malorum sublati.—[From the German Blätter für literar. Unterhaltung.]

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CRITIC Office, 29, Essex Street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Shelley's Complete Works.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

DEATHS.

GLOVER.—At Launceston, at the advanced age of 82, Mr. Glover, the Landscape painter,—well known for the fine sweeps of English scenery which he has put on canvas,—and who, nineteen years since, left the scene of his successful labours for a new world of effort in Australia.

JEFFREY.—On the 18th May, at the East India College, Haileybury, Mrs. Jeffrey, widow of the late Lord Jeffrey.

MELARD.—At Paris, aged eighty, M. Mulard, the painter,—Professor of Drawing at the Manufactory of the Gobelins. He was a pupil of the school of David,—and some of his pictures figure in the historical collections of the Museum of Versailles.

PORTER.—On the 24th May, at the house of her brother, Dr. W. O. Porter, Portland-square, Bristol, Miss Jane Porter, aged 74, the talented authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," &c.

REIFFENBERG.—At St. Josse-ten-Noode, on the 18th April, aged 54 years, Frederic Auguste, Baron de Reiffenberg, Conservator of the Bibliothèque Royal, at Brussels, Member of many Foreign learned Societies, and of a great European reputation for many branches in literature. He has left a widow, and was interred at Laeken, on the 20th. He was an Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Literature, and wore many distinguished orders.

THOM.—At New York, on the 17th April, of consumption, Mr. James Thom, sculptor in the 51st year of his age.

TOWNSEND.—Aged 46, William Charles Townsend, Esq., Recorder of Macclesfield, author of "Modern State Trials," &c.

WALLACE.—On the 13th May, at his own residence, Camden-place, Bath, the Rev. Robert Wallace, F. G. S., minister of Trim-street Chapel, Bath, and formerly Professor of Theology in the Manchester New College.

STATISTICS OF THE JEWS.—An official publication informs us, that there are hardly more than from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 Jews in the whole world ; whereas Buddhism numbers 400,000,000 adepts ; Brahminism, 200,000,000 ; Christianity, 230,000,000 to 250,000,000 ; Mahometanism, from 130,000,000 to 150,000,000 ; and Fetishism (or pure idolatry), from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000. The 5,000,000 Jews are thus distributed :—There are some 500,000 in Syria and Asiatic Turkey ; 250,000 in European Turkey ; 600,000 in Morocco and North Africa ; 50,000 to 80,000 in Eastern Asia ; 100,000 in America ; and about 200,000 in Europe—viz., 13,000 in England ; 1,594 in Belgium ; 850 in Sweden and Norway ; 6,000 in Denmark ; 70,000 in France ; 52,000 in the Low Countries ; 1,120,000 in Russia (more than one-fifth of the entire race) ; 631,000 in Austria and its dependencies ; 214,431 in Prussia ; 175,000 in the German States ; and 4,000 in Italy.

A RARE BIRD.—A fine specimen of that beautiful little bird, the Bohemian Waxwing (*Bombycilla Garrula*, the *Ampelis Garrula* of Linnaeus), was lately shot in Holbeach Marsh, by R. Batt, Esq. The Waxwing is found chiefly in America, and is a very rare visitor in this country. In the winter of 1810 (says Wilson) large flocks were dispersed through various parts of England, from which period we do not find it recorded by English writers till February, 1822, and several were again observed during the severe storm in the winter of 1823. In former times they were looked upon as the precursors of war, pestilence, and other calamities. Their most curious trait consists in the small, flat, oblong appendages, resembling in colour and substance red sealing wax, found at the tips of the secondaries of the adult ; these appendages are the coloured corneous prolongation of the shafts beyond the webs of the feathers.

—*Stamford Mercury.*

PROPRIA QUE MARIBUS.—It is curious, too, and worthy of a passing remark, that women have achieved success in every department of fiction but that of humour. They deal, no doubt, in sly humorous touches often enough ; but the broad provinces of that great domain are almost uninvaded by them ; beyond the outskirts and open borders, they have never ventured to pass. Compare Miss Austen, Miss Ferriar, and Miss Edgeworth, with the lusty mirth and riotous humour of Shakspeare, Rabelais, Butler, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, or Dickens and Thackeray. It is like comparing a quiet smile with the "inextinguishable laughter" of the Homeric gods ! So also on the stage,—there have been comic actresses of incomparable merit, lively, pleasant, humorous women, gladdening the scene with their airy brightness and gladsome presence ; but they have no comic energy. There has been no female Munden, Liston, and Mathews or Keeley.—*Edinburgh Review.*

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From May 1, to June 1, 1850.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL.
Ainsworth's Saint James's. (Cheap Edition.)

From Mr. VAN VOORST.
Goodsire's Arctic Voyages.

From Mr. BOGUE.
A Month at Constantinople. By Albert Smith.

From Messrs. DARTON and Co.
Book of Point Lace and Tatting.

From Mr. BAILLIÈRE.
Reichenbach's Physio-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, &c. By John Ashburner, M.D.

From Mr. SHOBERL.
Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California in the Years 1848 and 1849. 2 Vols.

From Mr. COLBURN.
Sin and Sorrow. 3 Vols.

Freston Tower ; or, Early Days of Cardinal Wolsey. By Rev. Richard Cobbold, A.M. 3 Vols.

Anne Dysart. A Tale of Every-Day Life.

From M. DE PORCELET.

A Few Hints on Hay-making.

From Messrs. SIMPSON and Co.

Hints how to keep a Horse.
An Account of some Discoveries relative to Consumption.
On Preaching and Popular Education. By Dr. T. J. Graham.

A Few Facts in Reply to the Animadversions of the Rev. J. Close.

Philip the Second. A Tragedy. By N. T. Moile.

From Mr. D. NUTT.
Modern Linguist ; or, Conversations in English, French, and German. By Albert Bartels.

Modern Linguist ; or, Conversations in English and German.

Modern Linguist ; or, Conversations in English and French.

From Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.

Remarks Occasioned by the Present Crusade against the Educational Plans of the Committee of Council on Education. By Rev. Richard Davies, A.M.

Taylor's Bee-keeper's Manual.

From Mr. W. PICKERING.
Aurora, and other Poems. By Mrs. H. R. Sandbach.

Lincoln's Inn : its Ancient and Modern Buildings, with an Account of the Library. By W. H. Spilsby, Librarian.

From Messrs. HALL and Co.

Nineveh and Persepolis. By W. S. W. Vaux.

From Mr. NEWBY.

The Armourer's Daughter. 3 Vols.

From Mr. CUNDALL.

Ancient History.

From Messrs. STRINGER and TOWNSEND.

Living Authors of America. By Thomas Powell.

From Messrs. ROUTLEDGE and Co.

Longbeard ; or, the Revolt of the Saxons. "Railway Library."

Tales of a Traveller. By Washington Irving. "Popular Library."

Columbus. By Washington Irving. "Popular Library."

From Mr. J. H. PARKER.

Catechetical Lessons on the Apostles' Creed.

From Messrs. ATLOTT and JONES.

Art and Poetry ; being Thoughts towards Nature. Parts III. and IV.

From Mr. OLLIVIER.

A Letter to Archdeacon Hale.

An Inquiry into the Establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts. Edited by W. Caringham.

From Messrs. COCKS and Co.

Grose's Method of Singing.

From Mr. JAMES MCGILVER.

Three Lectures on the Principles of Taxation, By D. C. Heron, Barrister-at-Law.

From Messrs. S. and T. DUNN.

Report of the Directors of the Glasgow Athenæum.

From Mr. LAW.

Earnestness ; the Sequel to Thankfulness. By C. B. Tayler, M.A.

From Mr. E. LUMLEY.

Burden of the Bell, and other Lyrics. By T. Westwood.

From Mr. RIDGWAY.

Suggestions on University Reform. By Rev. Thos. Bissett, M.A.

Letter to Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P. By Rev. C. A. Row, M.A.

RECEIVED BY OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

From Messrs. HODGES and SMITH.

Burrowes' Life and Speeches. By Burrowes.

Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science.

From Mr. SAMUEL OLDHAM.

Justice for Ireland. By Alexander Cheyne, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

From Mr. JAMES DUFFY.

Depopulation Illegal and a Crime. By William Mackey, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

Law Property Assurance and Trust Society.

OFFICES, 30, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

THIS Society is established for the purpose of the ASSURANCE of PROPERTY and other matters connected with its management.

It is now prepared to receive Proposals for the

ASSURANCE OF LEASEHOLDS
ASSURANCE OF COPYHOLDS
ASSURANCE OF LIFEHOLDS
ASSURANCE OF HEALTHY, DISEASED AND
DOUBTFUL LIVES

GRANTING OF ANNUITIES IMMEDIATE OR
DEFERRED

THE GRANTING OF PRESENT ANNUITIES
IN EXCHANGE FOR REVERSIONARY
INTERESTS.

It will also undertake the COLLECTION OF RENTS and the MANAGEMENT OF TRUSTS.

N. B.—All Policies effected in this Office will be INDISPUTABLE in the hands of bonâ fide Mortgagees, Purchasers, and Assignees.

Four-fifths or Eighty per Cent. of the Profits will be divided among the Assured on the Participating Scale.

For the better Security of a Provision for Families, no Life Assurance will be avoided by Suicide committed more than Three Months from the date of the Policy.

NOTICE.

Holders of Policies on Leaseholds, or for Fixed Terms, if they should desire to discontinue the Assurance at any time after five Premiums have been paid, will be entitled to do so, and to be repaid by the Society NINE-TENTHS of the total amount of Premiums paid.

The following are the Uses and Advantages proposed by this Office :—

Assurance of Leaseholds.

When property is bought upon lease for a term of years, the purchase-money is wholly sunk, and at the expiration of the lease the whole capital is lost to the purchaser or his family.

The object of this Society is to enable the holder of a lease to secure the repayment of his purchase-money on the expiration of the lease, by a small annual payment during its continuance.

Great inconvenience often results to persons taking houses for short terms on repairing leases. They make no provision for the expenses of putting the property in repair, and at the end of the term they are suddenly called upon for a large sum for this purpose. This Society will secure to a tenant, on an annual payment, the sum required for this purpose.

A Leasehold is at present almost incapable of being used as a security for a loan. But by assuring it with this Society, it will be made as valuable as a Freehold for

THE PURPOSE OF MORTGAGE;

for, having a fixed value to the amount assured, money may be safely lent upon it almost to that amount.

If a Leasehold be for sale it will have in the market the same or even greater value than freehold, because of its better security, when accompanied with a Policy granted by this Society.

Assurance of Copyholds.

Copyholders are usually liable to pay fines or heriots on death, or change of tenants. These may be provided for by an assurance in this office.

Assurance of Lifeholds.

Property held upon one or more lives may be assured in this office, so that, upon the dropping of the life, the owner will receive a sufficient sum to pay for the renewal of the life or to reimburse him for the loss of the property.

Life Assurance.

This Society will assure all lives whatever, healthy, doubtful and diseased, at proportionate rates of premium, and either upon a scale which entitles the assured to participate in the profits of the Society or upon a lower nonparticipating scale of premiums.

The peculiar advantage of Assuring a Life in this office, whether as a security for debts or loans, or as a provision for families, are the following :—

- 1st. POLICIES INDISPUTABLE, IF IN THE HANDS OF BONA-FIDE PURCHASERS, ASSIGNEES OR MORTGAGEES.
- 2nd. Policies will not be avoided by Suicide, unless committed within three months from the date of the Policy.
- 3rd. Policies on the participating scale will receive, by way of bonus, their share of four-fifths of the whole profits of the office, which, from the variety of its business will be considerably greater than could be obtained in any other office.
- 4th. All Policies will be paid within one month after the requisite proof of claim has been given.

5th. No charge will be made to the assured for the Medical Report, if the Policy be completed.

6th. Premiums may be paid in one sum, or yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, at the option of the assured.

The Society will also grant ANNUITIES IMMEDIATE OR DEFERRED, AND PRESENT ANNUITIES IN EXCHANGE FOR REVERSIONARY INTERESTS.

The Second Branch of the business of the Society is

The Assurance of Titles.

It is well known that a vast amount of property cannot be sold or mortgaged—because, from some defect in the evidence of title it is unmarketable, although a perfectly good holding title—to the infinite inconvenience of families. One of the objects of this Society is to Assure such Titles, by means of which such Properties will become as saleable and as secure for the purpose of Mortgage or Sale as any other property, indeed, more so, for it will be an absolute security and have a certain value to the extent of the Policy of Assurance.

The Management of Trusts.

The difficulty many persons find in obtaining responsible Executors and Trustees, and the great liabilities which those latter are subject to, have suggested the utility, in such cases, of the duties being undertaken by a wealthy and responsible Society at the charge of a moderate per-centage upon the sum received.

This advantage may be secured by any persons who desire it, by providing in any deed or will that their Executors or Trustees shall confide the management of their Trusts to The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society, and shall be empowered to pay their regular charges for managing the same, which will be a per-centage of from two to six per cent., according to the value and nature of the property, and which per-centage will include all expenses whatever, except moneys actually paid out of pocket.

Lastly, the Society will undertake the

Collection of Rents.

At present many persons experience great losses from the want of responsibility on the part of Estate Agents and others to whom they are compelled to entrust the collection of the rents.

This Society will afford absolute Security in this respect. And it will permit persons, whose rents it collects, to draw them from time to time in advance. It will also, for a proportionate commission, guarantee the amount of rent.

AGENTS

Are being appointed in every part of the United Kingdom. SOLICITORS desirous of becoming such, are requested to make immediate application.

A few shares may still be had, on the usual form of application. Agents are required to hold at least ten shares, and insure for 200*l.* at least. Except to Agents, shares will not now be issued but at 25*s.* per share, and it is not probable that more will be called for.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal and full particulars may be obtained on application at the Office, 30, Essex Street, Strand.

A List of the Agents already appointed, and the Table of the Rates, Premiums for the Assurance of Leaseholds and other Properties, for Fixed Terms, is on the next page.

Assurance of Property—Leaseholds and Copyholds.

TABLE OF ANNUAL PREMIUMS to be paid to the LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY to secure £100 absolutely at the end of any given number of years, for the conversion of leaseholds, and other terminable interests in real or personal property into the value of freehold, for the purposes of sale or mortgage.

AGENTS.	Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		AGENTS.
		Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.	
Mr. Robert French.													Mr. C. J. Todd.
<i>Arundel.</i>													<i>Hull.</i>
<i>Battle.</i>													<i>Manchester.</i>
Mr. Robert Young.	100	0 3 3	0 3 8	77	0 6 10	0 7 9	54	0 15 3	0 17 2	31	2 0 0	2 5 0	Mr. C. Gamon.
<i>Bolton.</i>	99	0 3 4	0 3 9	76	0 7 1	0 8 0	53	0 15 10	0 17 11	30	2 2 0	2 7 1	<i>Northampton.</i>
<i>Messrs. Watkins.</i>	98	0 3 6	0 3 10	75	0 7 4	0 8 2	52	0 16 5	0 18 6	29	2 4 2	2 9 8	Mr. George Cooke.
<i>Messrs. Richardson and Marsland.</i>	97	0 3 7	0 3 11	74	0 7 7	0 8 5	51	0 17 0	0 19 2	28	2 6 7	2 12 4	<i>Ringwood.</i>
	96	0 3 9	0 4 1	73	0 7 11	0 8 9	50	0 17 9	1 0 0	27	2 9 1	2 15 2	Mr. N. T. Johns.
<i>Braintree.</i>	95	0 3 10	0 4 2	72	0 8 1	0 9 1	49	0 18 5	1 0 9	26	2 11 10	2 19 4	<i>Rugeley.</i>
Mr. M. Lane.	94	0 3 11	0 4 4	71	0 8 4	0 9 4	48	0 19 2	1 1 11	25	2 14 10	3 1 7	Mr. James Gardener.
<i>Bradford (Yorkshire).</i>	93	0 4 1	0 4 6	70	0 8 8	0 9 8	47	0 19 11	1 2 5	24	2 19 1	3 5 5	<i>Salisbury.</i>
Mr. E. A. Barrett.	92	0 4 3	0 4 9	69	0 8 11	0 9 11	46	1 0 8	1 3 2	23	3 1 7	3 9 2	Mr. E. C. P. Kelsey.
<i>Dorchester.</i>	91	0 4 4	0 4 11	68	0 9 3	0 10 5	45	1 1 7	1 4 3	22	3 5 6	3 13 7	<i>Sherborne.</i>
<i>Messrs. Coombs and Son.</i>	90	0 4 6	0 5 1	67	0 9 7	0 10 9	44	1 2 5	1 5 4	21	3 9 9	3 18 4	Mr. B. Chandler.
<i>Halsted.</i>	89	0 4 8	0 5 4	66	0 9 11	0 11 0	43	1 3 4	1 6 3	20	3 14 5	4 3 8	<i>Tring.</i>
Mr. J. G. Shepherd.	88	0 4 9	0 5 6	65	0 10 3	0 11 5	42	1 4 4	1 7 4	19	3 19 7	4 9 5	Mr. G. L. Faithfull.
<i>Hastings.</i>	87	0 4 11	0 5 8	64	0 10 8	0 11 9	41	1 5 5	1 8 2	18	4 5 5	4 16 0	
Mr. Charles Payne.	86	0 5 1	0 5 10	63	0 11 0	0 12 6	40	1 6 6	1 9 9	17	4 11 11	5 3 3	
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